

David Hockney: scanning the image

Mean streets: facing violence in Vancouver

Getting off: two gay men fight a park bust - and win

LATE-BREAKING NEWS LATE-BREAKING NEWS
McMURTRY ZAPPED!
SEVEN SIT-IN AT ONTARIO ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE

Body Politic

A MAGAZINE FOR GAY LIBERATION



Can a lesbian-feminist
be a smash-hit stand-up
comic? Are you kidding?

**ROBIN
TYLER**

Profile by Val Edwards

Reviews: La Cage aux Folles • Crystal Eastman • Male à la Mode



ISN'T ROY MCMURTRY APPEALING?

Unfortunately, yes.

We're not referring to the charming manners of Ontario's Attorney General, nor to his picture-perfect family life, nor even to the ringing exhortation he once made to a panel on racism: "Minding your own business is no virtue at all when liars and bigots are poisoning the air. Our task is to ensure that every time the madman shouts in the marketplace, he is answered. Our job as members of a free community is to provide the answer on behalf of every man and woman and child who is oppressed and tormented by the shouting."

Very appealing sentiments, those. We're talking about a different kind of appeal, though — the one Roy McMurtry has launched against *The Body Politic*.

Now we've always thought that one of *The Body Politic's* jobs was precisely to answer bigots and liars, to deal not only with the madmen of the moment but also with the false and destructive notions that those of the past have imposed on the lives of lesbians and gay men.

But it seems that gay people don't quite fit into

Mr McMurtry's categories of the deserving oppressed. And as for the idea of an independent gay press, well, he has quite another speech prepared: "The law can and should be used creatively. Anyone who wants to call that interference with freedom of the press is free to do so, and I suppose, in a sense, that it is."

That was addressed to the International Police Brotherhood. Clearly, Roy knows his audiences.

He also knows how to practice the kind of legal "creativity" he preaches. The charges

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under which *The Body Politic* was tried had never before been used against a periodical publication. The twelve cartons of material seized from *TBP's* office as "evidence" (from all of which, only a single copy of the magazine was introduced in court) are still in the hands of his police — the first instance in Canadian legal history of evidence being retained after an acquittal. Nor has that not-guilty verdict deterred the inventive A-G.; Roy intends to keep on appealing until he finds a judge who'll do it *his* way.

We feel it's time Roy McMurtry heard what you think of his appeal.

Drop him a line at 18 King Street East, Toronto, M5C 1C5, and tell him that his charm has slipped, that his noble sentiments have taken on a hollow ring — in short, that his appeal has no appeal. Let him know you're willing to support *The Body Politic* in its efforts to go on answering lies and lunacy and to resist his "creative" legal assault.

And then let us know, too. Make a donation to The Body Politic Free the Press Fund at the address given at left.

Body Politic

"The liberation of homosexuals
can only be the work
of homosexuals themselves."
— Kurt Hiller, 1921 —

The Collective

Christine Bearehell, Rick Bébout, Gerald Hannon
Robin Hardy, Ross Irwin, Ed Jackson, Bill Lewis
Tim McCaskell, Paul Trollope, Alexander Wilson

The News

Gerald Hannon, Bill Lewis

Chris Bearehell, William Cooper, Ross Irwin
Robin Hardy, Ed Jackson, Alan McLean
Paul Trollope

(Toronto News Staff)

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Russ Congdon (Calgary), Ron Dayman (Montreal),
David Garmaise (Ottawa), Education Collective,
Gay Community Centre (Saskatoon),
Elizabeth Bolton (Montreal), Ric Langford (Victoria),
Jim Mendenhall (Brandon), Jim Monk (Windsor),
Robin Metcalfe (Halifax), Bob Radke (Edmonton),
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James Thatcher (London)

Tim McCaskell (International)

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This Issue

Number 56 September 1979



Funny feminist: p 21

She describes herself as "born-again butch" and was once arrested for female impersonation. Robin Tyler, lesbian comic, is a different kind of gay riot. Writer Val Edwards looks at the contradictions behind Tyler's comedy, and comes up smiling.

Courage my love — Two columns by women:

In "Confessions of a lesbian ex-masochist" Mariana Valverde begins a dialogue between the lesbian feminist and the "very young, very 'femme' girl, who just wants to get fucked." The "Everywoman" column, p 18.

In "Letters of the Heart," novelist Jane Rule ponders what to do with the pain-filled letters she has received from women. She decides to face the fire. "So's Your Grandmother" p 30.

Freedom's just another word...: p 27

Andrew Britton met Alan McMurray one night in Allan Gardens, and they continued to see each other — at police HQ and in the courts. Britton tells the story of arrest and acquittal. What to do if a cop grabs you? See TBP's special slash-n-stash, 17 point (it ain't easy) guide. And keep it handy.

Boxboys: p 24

Wherein art imitates art imitates art. But is it gay? Two boys named Once and Twice take the theatre world by storm and receive international critical acclaim. Now, in TBP, the real story. And if you don't believe it's fiction, look at what Toronto newspaper supposedly hires a gay liberationist theatre critic... by John Greyson.



Very Vancouver!

Going west is not what it used to be. The story of fag and dike bashing in this west coast mecca unfolds, and gay men and lesbians start organizing. In "The News," p 8.

A recent vacationer in Vancouver, Ken Popert eyes the situation and points his finger at the problem. "Between the Lines" p 20.

Our Image: p 31

Gerald Hannon sets his sight on the movie-monster in his review of *La Cage aux Folles*, and Mariana Valverde writes about forgotten feminist Crystal Eastman, without using dead clichés. British painter David Hockney is haruspicated with an overview of his art, by Bruce Russell. And as usual, much much more.

Regular bits:

Letters, p 4; Taking Issue, p 6; Editorial, p 7; World News, p 16; The New Age, p 19; Between the Lines, p 20; Ivory Tunnel, p 36; Classifieds, p 37; Community Page, p 41; Monitor, p 43.

The dilemma of deadlines

So there they were, intrepid TBP reporters/photographers, Robin Hardy and Gerald Hannon in the reception area of the Deputy Attorney General's office, 5:00 PM, a bare 14 hours until the paper was to go to press. Seven men were unrolling sleeping bags and unpacking box dinners. They weren't going to leave until Attorney General Roy McMurtry met with them to discuss police harassment of the Toronto gay community. The atmosphere was jovial, a surface of enthusiasm masking the nervous expectation that a dozen beefy cops would arrive at any moment to haul the group of seven away. Rumour had two paddy wagons waiting in the underground

parking lot, 18 stories below.

Access to the AG's offices, on the eighteenth floor of a Toronto office tower, was sealed off — the elevators wouldn't stop, and the doors to the stairwells were locked. A few minutes before, Robin Hardy had climbed from the twelfth floor to the eighteenth, knocked, and showed his TBP press-card. He was refused entrance. While he was on the floor below trying to figure out a way in, the cops obligingly admitted a Toronto Sun reporter through the same door.

Robin got in by piggy-backing with another reporter from the Toronto Star. The group of seven played bridge, or

slept, or paced the hallways. The cops kept careful watch. The janitors went by with bemused expressions. One offered to bring blankets and pillows but they never materialized.

The cops wouldn't let anyone phone out, and intercepted the calls coming in. When anyone tried to photograph them, they quickly hid their faces in newspapers. Everyone waited.


They told someone that "ministry officials" were discussing what to do.

The Hannon/Hardy team got their pictures and their story. At four AM this morning, we phoned from this office, and got through. Mark Whitehead was awake, on watch. The others slept. Ministry officials had given the first concession. The group of seven stayed.

The final touches are being put to this issue of the magazine.

Two small collectives of people are at work.

The rest of Toronto sleeps. □



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Letters

Self-censorship: inherent dangers

I wish to heartily concur with Max Allen's brave "Taking Issue" on the contentious matter of self-censorship of ads (*TBP*, August). Perhaps it is trite to add that, in the same issue, two of the four ads rejected were on the subject of S&M. This in itself says a great deal about the discriminatory effects of the collective's new ad policy.

I can only suggest to you that readers be made aware of the inherent dangers of any personal ad — and nothing more. I would also strongly urge you to finally cross the Rubicon and publish a serious feature on S&M based on a variety of viewpoints — especially since your own abstentionist-cum-anti position has already been made abundantly clear.

Stuart Russell
Montréal

The collective responds:

*It is no coincidence that ads relating to S&M are being censored, as Stuart Russell points out. This is not being done, however, out of any personal bias on our part but because S&M ads are precisely the ones the police have used recently to single out and harass particular gay men. In charging a Toronto teacher with keeping a common bawdy house in his own home after answering an ad and discovering a "dungeon" there (see news items in *TBP*, July and August), the police seem intent on defining S&M as an "indecent act" in and of itself.*

Nonetheless, the main point of Stuart's letter still stands: there is a similar risk in all contact ads, and our censorship of those we see as most likely to attract police attention may serve less to protect gay people than to reinforce police notions of what is and is not "indecent." We are reconsidering our policy and would welcome further advice and comments from readers.

German dissent

I outspokenly disagree with two statements about West Germany's cultural and political situation in *TBP*'s July issue.

In his review of recently published German gay liberationist books, Jim Steakley eulogizes novelist Hubert Fichte for being "perhaps the only openly gay, commercially successful author at work in West Germany today." Mr Fichte undeniably launched a successful literary career — but unfortunately not because of his supposed open gayness. On the contrary, he is notorious for evading the issue, perpetuating in shabby closetness the role of an unconcerned, mugwump spectator.

Most pitiable example is Fichte's "Hans Eppendorfer. Der Ledermann spricht mit Hubert Fichte" (Hans Eppendorfer. The Leatherman talks to Hubert Fichte), published 1977. In this elaborate interview with an ex-con, now editor-in-chief of "Him Applaus" (the commercially leading gay mag of West Germany), he asks Eppendorfer about his homosexual and S&M experiences. Fichte never commits his own gayness, playacting the (healthy-heterosexual) scientist who presents his exotic discovery from the realm of deviation.

Eppendorfer complained about this exploitative, cowardly uncommitted interviewing only recently. A similar double-dealing characterizes Fichte's autobiographical novels, wherein he trifles the homosexual experience as a pubescent phase he has gone through. Correspondingly, his discreetness never allowed him to participate in the gay movement. In fact Hubert Fichte deserves a Closet Queen of the Literature Scene award.

In his report from the Cannes film festival Harry Sutherland describes West Germany as being on a "relentless move towards totalitarianism." If this were true, movies like R W Fassbinder's "The Third Generation," could not be made. Of course nobody has to believe the official claim that this country has gained its most democratic level ever: denial of civil rights (Berufsverbot), a growing network of computerized administration, continuing construction of atomic-energy plants tell a different story. But ain't it a similar situation in the US and Canada?! And would you denounce them as being on the verge of fascism?

Harry Sutherland should take a closer look next time.

Johannes J Corsten
Berlin

On mud slinging

Several years ago, I saw a television interview of a black female doctor. After making some bitter remarks about white racism, she then blandly declared that her medical research had led her to believe that white skin is a disease, a mild form of albinism. Thus, all white people were "sick."

Today, as I read through various gay journals, I am constantly informed that masculinity is a "disease." Effeminists and many feminists believe this in the same way that the black doctor believed that whiteness is a skin disorder.

I understand that oppression sometimes leads people to entertain bizarre notions about their oppressors. If someone slings mud at you, you will be tempted to sling mud back at them — the same type of mud.

However, although crackpot theories may comfort the oppressed, in the long run such theories merely tend to undermine the effectiveness of liberation movements by giving the public the impression that all liberationist goals are as invalid as the crackpot theories used to support these goals.

Stephen W Foster
Dade County

Athenians?

I am writing about a point in language, but one that, I suspect, affects many other things we think about. In particular, I am referring to the accelerating tendency to restrict the use of "gay" to males — at least in those contexts where it does not mean "happy."

When I first learned that "gay" could be used as a nice term to replace the derogatory ones used to describe us, I assumed that "gay," like "straight" (or

"Getting 'sexual orientation' into the human rights codes will get us no further now than winning the vote did for women 50 years ago."

"homosexual" or "heterosexual"), carries no implication as to the gender of the person referred to. My dictionary (American Heritage) bears me out. And I seem to remember that, in fact, the political types who urged us to prefer "gay" to other terms used precisely this gender-blindness as an argument in its favour.

Lately, however, I have noticed that our sexist society has taken its toll. Those same political types are now excluding Lesbians from being gay, so that if one wants to refer to gay people of both sexes one should now refer to Lesbians and gay men or, as an adjective, Lesbian and gay. They have a point. Generic terms often tend to become male-identified if there is no specific alternative. Partly that's because of our sexist society and the thought patterns it encourages.

Let me suggest an alternative to succumbing to this sexist tendency, to reading Lesbians out of any gay community unless they're explicitly referred to. "Gay," I think, is too useful, as a term for describing gay women and gay men, to restrict it to one sex only. What is needed, then, is a term that refers specifically to gay men. It would be nice if it had the same sort of allusions to classical culture and a pro-gay environment that "Lesbian" does. Because of its associations with gay life, culture, and history, "Athenian" is such a term. Gay women and gay men thus are Lesbians and Athenians, and the gay community can include both.

The suggestion is not original with me, but I support it and urge you to suggest it to your readers — Lesbians, Athenians, and heterosexuals of all kinds.

Thomas von Foerster
New York

Back patting

I just thought I'd take an opportunity to thank you. It seems as though you don't get the accolades you deserve. I've found your magazine to be top-quality.

You bring gay news from across Canada and around the world to gays who otherwise wouldn't realize what was happening. You tell us of our victories and give a sense of progress, and you tell us of our defeats, inflaming us with rage. You review books, records, films and major events. In short, you keep us in touch with what's going on.

I came out about a year and a half ago, on my 23rd birthday, in the small town of Portage la Prairie, Manitoba. It's tough coming out, as we all well know, it's only easy for a very small minority. You helped me to confront both myself and society. Without *TBP*, the process of coming out would have been even more difficult.

Thank you for helping me, and for helping all of us keep in touch with what's going on. Your work is: gutsy, spirited, hard-hitting, tender, informative, understanding, revolutionary, political, social, cultural, opinionated, qualitative and reflective, in each issue.

Keep up the excellent work. I'm sure many others appreciate all the work you put into the magazine.

Stephen Kendall
Calgary

Organize: usually

I wish to thank John Mehrling for his letter (*TBP*, June) and I want to echo his well-expressed concerns about those who would divorce themselves from "the movement," only to return often enough to criticize the Gay men and Lesbians who are actively involved in Gay Democratic clubs. Although divorced, their pioneering contributions must nevertheless be viewed as uniquely valuable: I can think of no others who would get such flattering, front-page stories in both *The Body Politic* and the *Advocate* at about the same time!

However, I would like to offer just two corrections to John's letter. It's quite a mistake to lump Jim Kepner together with the "homosexual pioneers (who) abjectly gave up." Jim's maintenance (and creation) of the Gay Western Archives, his classroom teaching in Gay Studies, and his continuous public speaking — all represent Jim's commitment to the Gay community for over 35 years and which continues, stronger than ever, today. I've seen Jim continuously involved in many Gay political actions. By no means did this brother "give up." If more people could be aware of his history, more people would be aware of his ongoing dedication to the Gay community.

The other correction I would offer is in reference to John's quote from the original article (*TBP*, Feb): "Hay himself 'never again engaged in sustained organizational work in the Gay movement . . .'" If aware of Hay's new involvement, some might wish that that quotation was correct. It isn't. Harry, with others, have sent out "a call to Gay brothers (sic)" to participate in their "spiritual conference for radical (sic) fairies" to introduce their "new age politics." Yes, Harry is now engaging in a unique sort of organizational work "to all who have broken through and are ready to share those breakthroughs with your fairy brothers." And your involvement in this new "organizational work," for men only, is available for only \$50 — which includes the food, lodging, and swimming pool. All in the beautiful, anti-Gay, anti-ERA state of Arizona, USA.

Sorry, John, but Harry Hay is now very much involved with what he might view as "organizational work in the Gay movement." While I strongly support "the words of Mother Jones," as quoted in John's letter, I'm starting to think that a slight addition might be in order: Don't mourn, Organize! Usually.

Steve Berman
Los Angeles

Dancer's encore

In the July issue of *TBP*, George Whitmore responded quite genially to my criticism of Holleran's novel *Dancer from the Dance*, a novel Whitmore has praised for its humour and craft. I think Whitmore and I agree on a great deal, and hope he won't find me mean-spirited for zeroing in again on points of contention.

We both agree that a book like Kramer's *Faggots* is a political polemic

and poorly written. We both agree that *Dancer* is well written. But when Whitmore claims that Holleran has a "built-in apoliticality," I can only say that apoliticality is politics by default. And it is not-so-naively apolitical of Whitmore to claim that "these books represent only themselves and can't be made to stand for the whole of gay fiction." The fact is that these books exist in the context of an actual market, a market eager for jolts among the jaded.

There is certainly a fine pearl of humour produced by oppression. Sutherland, the campy queen in *Dancer*, twice repeats that "the thought of cooze makes you vomit." Not one of the finer pearls, and a curious thing to repeat twice. A book like Philip Roth's *Portnoy's Complaint* — full of anti-Semitism, with homophobic asides for good measure — was certainly "humorous." An interesting critical analysis could be made of just how derivative Kramer was of Roth when Kramer wrote *Faggots* — a homophobic book with anti-Semitic asides. Kramer attempted humour and failed. Roth and Holleran succeeded. The social sensitivity of all three was abysmal.

As for gay critics and writers demanding recognition and appreciation — but of course! Do you think I bask in obscurity? As somebody or other said, "Don't be modest: nobody is *that* great."

Finally, as for art and activism being for their own sakes . . . well, this is as curious and metaphysical a notion as the Kantian "Thing-in-Itself." There is no such thing, and there is no such sake. Either art and activism are *for* better living, or I don't know what they are for. "For their own sake" and "in themselves" they become specimens — often intricate, colourful, and quaint — in hermetically sealed jars. Art and activism are forms of *social* life.

Precisely on that point we do not agree.

Scott Tucker
Philadelphia

Nice oppressors

Thank you for your timely article on the Human Rights Decade (*TBP*, July). And thank you for urging us to "let the Human Rights Decade rest in peace."

Getting "sexual orientation" into human rights codes will get us no further now than winning the vote did for women more than 50 years ago! Only recently have large numbers of women come to realize that in order to extricate themselves from their second-class status they must re-educate themselves and the nice ordinary people who are oppressing them.



We must do likewise. We have to re-educate ourselves and the ordinary homophobic people we deal with daily. Why? Because every day of his or her life, a homosexual must cope with and adjust to the prejudice of ordinary people. Only rarely does the average gay person encounter direct legal or police harassment.

In the 1950s I saw how much effort Dutch gay organizations like Amsterdam's COE were putting into educating the public. Now Dutch gays are enjoying the fruits of that long effort — most straight Dutch people are not homophobic, the police are actually helpful, and it is usually easy for a gay to come out with his family or at work. The key to this success has been education.

And in Canada in the 1970s, gays have gained more through the changing attitudes of young people (both straight and gay) than from legal struggles.

If the 1980s is not our decade of education, we are doomed.

Dan Roberts
Montreal

TBP inaccurate

An inaccuracy occurred in the article "Pay Racing Commission Costs, court orders bankrupt Damien" (*TBP*, August). The costs assessment against Damien was in fact made public by the Committee in our May Newsletter. What I reported at Celebration '79 was that John was forced to pay the assessment immediately in order to ensure that the Racing Commission could not use its new position as a creditor of his to block further progress in the suit against it. That it was necessary for the progress of the case to pay the assessment immediately was not made known to John by the lawyers until a couple of days before the announcement was made at the conference workshop.

John Wilson
Toronto

...and again

It saddened me to observe that (*TBP* June) inaccurately reported the results of a gay election survey in the Outaouais area.

The Socreds, in the two ridings, did not "also" come out in favour of freedom of sexual orientation. They were the *only* ones to do so and to *also* favour the other three gay election priorities. The NDP was not the *least bit* supportive.

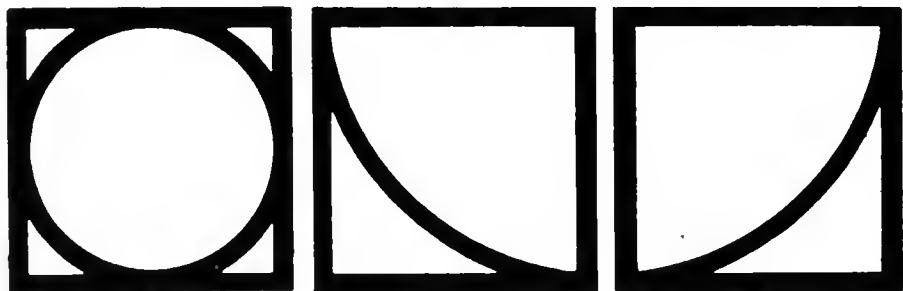
There's nothing like first-hand information, to be sure, such as that found in the *Ottawa Journal* on the same issue.

Yvon Thivierge
Hull

Got something to say?

The Body Politic welcomes your letters. Love us, hate us, agree or disagree — but tell us why and take the opportunity to let other people know, too. Send your letters and submissions to *TBP*, Box 7289, Station A, Toronto, ON M5W 1X9. Submissions for "Taking Issue" should be marked as such.

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A screaming, raging battle

Jim Monk is a member of Windsor Gay Unity, and the chairperson of the Coalition for Gay Rights in Ontario. He is responding here to an article in which the author, Michael Lynch, described the "human rights strategy" as "the new homophilism (seeking) assimilation, legislation, and isolation."

"The End of the Human Rights Decade," an article by Michael Lynch in the July issue of *TBP*, characterizes the fight for gay rights as a strategy that has been so successful it is no longer necessary. He fears continued preoccupation with legislative reform will drain energies needed elsewhere in the movement. A comment by collective member Tim McCaskell in last month's issue echoed the sentiment that the civil rights strategy has outlived its usefulness. At conferences, watering holes and other occasions for social exchange, many people — myself included — have voiced similar comments.

Yet at the same time, the issue of gay rights has finally seized hold of the imagination of the gay population. How ironic that, as an increasing number of gays are searching for a means of contributing to the human rights campaign, we in the activist community are ready to abandon the strategy and declare the issue dead.

For about the next four months, until the Tory government recommends changes to the Ontario Human Rights Code (OHRC), there exists in Ontario an opportunity to mount a successful human rights campaign. Through intensive lobbying and large-scale public action, we can force the inclusion of those two words, "sexual orientation," in the OHRC. The largest obstacle to our success is not Premier Bill Davis's Tories, not Evangelist Ken Campbell and not gay baiting *Sun* columnist Claire Hoy. It is not the frightened closetry of the average faggot or dyke. Our biggest problem is ourselves, the lack of enthusiasm among gay activists for seeing the human rights strategy through to its conclusion.

We have confused our own exhaustion with our estimate of the remaining utility of the human rights strategy. We should abandon that strategy only when the issue has been dealt with decisively in the legislature, and there is every indication that legislative amendments to the code will be proposed during the coming fall session.

The gay activist community cannot abandon human rights at this stage of the game. It would be a sign of weakness and vulnerability that would encourage our enemies to mount an even greater wave of repression. Until now, they have merely kept us busy with things like *The Body Politic* and Barracks raids in the hope that we would lose interest in lobbying for code amendments.

If abandoning the strategy of gay rights would send up one signal to the homophobes, it would send another, just as dangerous, to the general gay community. Our leadership, such as it is, would be seriously in question. As Lynch's article points out, there is today a groundswell of support for gay rights within the previously more conservative and apolitical sectors of the gay com-

munity. Our own efforts, the publicity surrounding the Dade County referendum and Proposition 6 in California, and the visibility of state and police attacks against the gay community have had the expected effect. Gay people have developed a political awareness and are looking for a way to express it. To suddenly turn our backs on the only existing strategy that can mobilize that expression — especially given the lack of any articulated alternative — is nothing less than political suicide.

However, it has been argued that no matter how hard we try there is no real hope of achieving the sexual orientation amendment. Perhaps, but what a useless thought that is, especially since we have never attempted a campaign on the scale now being planned by the Coalition for Gay Rights in Ontario.

To make the most of it, we must assume that we can and will win. With a minority government, and pledges of support from leaders of the two opposition parties, success is at least a technical

"To suddenly turn our backs on the only existing strategy is nothing less than political suicide."

possibility. An all-out effort now will bring the human rights campaign to a positive conclusion, where, regardless of the legislative outcome, the co-operation, inter-communication, and cohesiveness of the gay community will be developed as far as our present strategy can take us. Working on the assumption that we will lose means just going through the motions. This is no time for a token effort.

At the same time, we must realize that if we do win, our victory would be largely symbolic. No one should have any illusions about the effectiveness of human rights commissions in overcoming discrimination. They are both unwilling and unable to do the kind of mass education required. That task will remain the duty of the gay liberation movement, and will be a going concern long after the gay rights strategy is gathering dust in the archives.

But even a symbolic victory has its uses. The newly amended code would be an important educational tool in itself. As an admission of guilt by the official spokespeople of straight society, it would be no "easy sop," and contrary to what Michael Lynch suggests, the government of this province is fighting us every inch of the way. Unlike Quebec's, Ontario's human rights legislation will not be passed "as quietly as possible" in order to shut us up. It's going to be a screaming, raging battle of emotions, convictions, confrontations and hype.

While the gay rights strategy may not have much life left, its last remaining moments promise to be the most productive.

If we can fulfill that promise, there's going to be one hell of a wake! □

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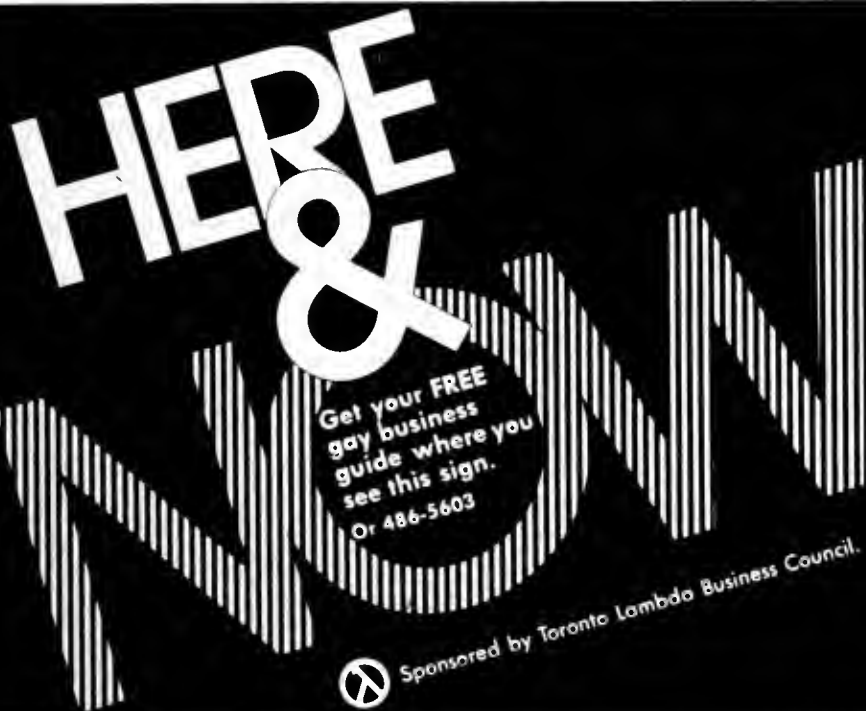
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But once in a decade...

"For once," the poster said, "Claire Hoy is right."

There had developed, of course, no sudden and startling congruence of opinion between Toronto's favourite homophobe and the local gay community. The poster's kicker was taking off from a headline on Hoy's *Sun* column of June 20: "Homosexuals gearing up for big equal rights battle," and the poster was announcing a public meeting to do just that.

As the news story on page 11 indicates, the Coalition for Gay Rights in Ontario (CGRO), and a special group organized early last month called the Human Rights Campaign Committee (HRCC), are planning the most extensive 6-month programme undertaken by any gay organization in this province.

The issue? The inclusion of sexual orientation in the Ontario Human Rights Code. Why the sudden fuss? There is every indication the government will finally propose this fall amendments to the code, and no one feels that the governing Tories, left to their own devices, would recall that the Human Rights Code Review Committee's report, *Life Together*, actually recommended protection for gay people. It is, of course, action we have been vociferously — some might say stridently — demanding for eight years now.

There are, of course, dangers. Big campaigns, the kind that seem to follow all the proper channels, have been known to opt for soft-peddling controversial issues — no doubt in the hope that people can be persuaded to endorse something that sounds *vaguely* good, even gay rights. Such campaigns risk seeing, as writer Michael Lynch put it, "amendments coddled into law with much backstage lobbying and little public debate. Every time this has happened, the ... goal of public discussion has been sacrificed to dubious political 'victory.'"

Direct, honest, high-profile campaigns may seem to challenge the average straight, or even gay, person. But the long-range effect of that challenge is often the most valuable outcome of gay rights campaigns. Changes in public attitudes toward gay people, and in gay people's attitudes toward themselves, may seem imperceptible from day to day. But that change adds up. And it's the kind of change that will make a real difference to each of us and to our community.

The Human Rights Campaign Committee plans much more than cloistered chats with MPPs. Its efforts are designed to reach people who have never been reached before. And to foster gay pride and militancy. The beauty of this strategy is that even if we *don't* win at Queen's Park, we stand to gain a lot — in Etobicoke, in North Bay, in Sarnia...

The problem, though, is that it requires a lot more money, energy and vision than making moderate appearances in politician's back rooms. The HRCC's plans to run what CGRO Chairperson Jim Monk called "an exhaust-all-possibilities campaign, a high profile, big PR assault" are necessarily ambitious. The group estimates it will need to raise \$50,000. To really succeed, the responsibility for this effort must not fall solely on the brave few who've started the ball rolling. Such a success should be one we all can share — whether the changes get made in the lawbooks, or in the more important aspects of people's lives.

We encourage lesbians and gay men to support this campaign both financially and with their time and energies. Regardless of what one may feel about the ultimate usefulness of the "human rights strategy" (and strong reservations have been expressed in these pages), no one has ever dismissed rights protection as unimportant.

Opportunities to mount a programme like this one may come but once a decade. □

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Pacific gays and lesbians rally to combat rising street violence

VANCOUVER — In the dark, early hours of Thursday, July 19, Paul Mangot was driving home from his job as a bouncer in a Vancouver gay club. With him was Gordon Leslie, a fellow employee. As they approached Jervis Street, travelling along Beach Avenue on the edge of English Bay in the West End, they saw two men being beaten by a gang of more than a dozen others.

English Bay is a popular and well-known cruising area for gay men. Such a scene could mean only one thing. As the two men jumped out of their car, their fears were confirmed: "Say you're a faggot! Say you're a faggot!" they heard one of the assailants screaming over and over.

The sudden arrival of the two men briefly confused the attackers, and one of their victims ran away. The other was in no condition to run anywhere — his face was a bloody pulp. The gang, armed with broken bottles, turned on the would-be rescuers, driving them back.

Mangot went for help, while Gordon Leslie went back to do something, anything. By this time, the attackers were dragging their victim toward the waters of the bay. Distracted by Leslie's reappearance, they took after him, pursuing him back to the car. As they overturned and smashed it, he escaped.

Eventually, the police arrived. The victim, having narrowly escaped drowning, was taken to St Paul's hospital.

This was the story which Paul Mangot told a tensely quiet crowd of almost 300 packed into Vancouver's West End Community Centre auditorium July 31. The Gay Alliance Toward Equality (GATE) had called the public meeting to discuss increasing violence in Vancouver against lesbians and gay men.

As a prelude to the meeting, GATE organized a press conference July 26, at which Mangot and two other victims of anti-homosexual violence related their experiences to the news media.

The public meeting began with a statement by GATE member Don Hann, who blamed a "clean-up" campaign by Vancouver city council for the increasing violence. This was greeted with prolonged applause.

The meeting's chairperson, Rob Joyce, also a GATE member, then asked Mangot to tell his story. Afterwards, he encouraged others in the audience who had suffered at the hands of queer-bashers to come forward.

And, slowly, they did, to tell their own horror stories:

- A man was picked up on the street by police and beaten;
- A woman strolling along English Bay was approached by another woman and lured into an ambush by two men;
- A man escaped from two assailants who were trying to throw him over the English Bay sea wall (a five-metre drop to an asphalt sidewalk below);
- A woman was visited by the police

and threatened with violence after a letter she wrote against sexism appeared in a local newspaper;

- A man had his arm broken by attackers;

- Two lesbians were attacked after they rejected the sexual advances of two men.

In all, an even dozen stories of vicious brutality.

As if these stories weren't enough evidence, an attempt was made to disrupt the meeting by assailants who hurled stink bombs into the auditorium. Rob Joyce appealed for calm and the crowd stayed put.

The most recent spate of violence was associated with the Sea Festival, an event sponsored by Vancouver's Junior Chamber of Commerce. Barbecues, a bathtub race and fireworks on the beaches of English Bay this year drew 200,000 people over an eight-day period into the West End, where many of Vancouver's gay people live and where gays are a highly visible element. Gangs of drunken punks went on a rampage, beating up people, setting fires, smashing cars and shops.

The highly publicized "clean-up" campaign, organized by the Vancouver *Sun* and city council, has effectively designated gays as an appropriate target for such random violence.

And the Vancouver police, controlled by city council, are accused by many gays of ignoring violent crime when gays are its victims. A liaison committee which includes representatives of the police, city council and gay club owners appears to be ineffective. GATE spokes-

Continued on page 15.



Top: A lesbian tells the West End Community Centre meeting how she was lured into an ambush by another woman. **Middle:** Half a dozen slogans scrawled on park benches along Beach Avenue near the English Bay cruising area remind West End gays that their lives are not secure, even in their own neighbourhood. **Bottom:** Almost 300 gays crowded into the Community Centre auditorium to share their concerns over growing violence.

Gay 'sit-in for justice' demands McMurry end police harassment

TORONTO, AUGUST 20, 7:30 PM — I have just left the offices of Attorney General Roy McMurry, descending the service stairwell from the 18th floor, down to the 12th floor where the elevators still operate, down to the foot of the office tower at 18 King Street East. Everything above the 12th floor is sealed off — traffic goes only one way: out. A CBC reporter trying to gain access to McMurry's suite hammered on the stairwell door for ten minutes, yelling that he had a right to the story too. An Ontario Provincial Police officer on the inside simply shouted through that he "had his orders," and those were to keep everybody out. At 7 PM I'd tried to make a phone call to *TBP* — the same cop stopped me before I had dialed the second digit. He had his orders — there were to be no calls.

The drama was heating up. Facing off in an increasingly tense waiting game were several OPP officers, government security staff — and seven activists refusing to budge from what they've called "A Gay Sit-In for Justice." As I left, along with *TBP* reporter Robin Hardy, the only factor which appeared to be keeping the situation in precarious balance was the presence of several reporters with cameras. The police, it is well known, are loathe to drag people forcefully away before the public eye of the press.

Earlier that afternoon, the incident had taken on almost comic opera proportions. Ministry staff, realizing at 4:30 that the seven had no intention of leaving, reacted by sealing the building off above the 12th floor. The last half hour of the business day was full of the sound of irritated secretaries in locked stair wells (where the washrooms are), and indignant executives unable to get back into their suites.

For the seven protesters, pursuing what they have termed "the only option remaining to us," the nervous jokes and intense group discussions that characterized the early hours of the sit-in had evolved into an edgy boredom broken only by the occasional short snooze or rubber of bridge. The one tense confrontation of the day occurred promptly at five o'clock when McMurry's Executive Officer, Mark Conacher, told spokesperson Dr John Lee that the building was closed and the group would have to leave. Lee refused, and Conacher told them they could be considered to be trespassing. The same message was delivered shortly thereafter by a representative of the building's management; Lee reiterated politely but firmly that the group had business with the Attorney General, and intended to stay until it was settled.

McMurry's reaction to the sit-in, as reported earlier that day by Conacher, appeared to leave little hope for any kind of compromise. "The Attorney General knows you're here," Conacher told the group, "and he refuses to meet with you under these coercive circumstances." Conacher also reported that

McMurry would not meet the gay community so long as there were charges outstanding against gay individuals in the courts — a statement which prompted a bemused John Lee to wonder how he managed to meet with heterosexuals if the same standard held.

The sit-in, the culmination of six weeks of planning, represented an explosive sense of frustration in a gay community that had tried every official channel open to it. "We asked to meet with McMurry two months ago," said outside spokesperson Peter Maloney, "and we haven't even had the courtesy of a reply. Metro police are abusing their powers, the Crown is harassing the gay community, and every time we've turned to the police commission they've turned us down. We want McMurry to look into it, and especially to meet with the gay community, but he won't even answer our letters. That's why those men are up there."

In fact, the sit-in very nearly didn't come off. Although planned in great secrecy (the first meeting took place on a Toronto Island beach), word had obviously leaked (or been leaked) to the police. When the group filtered in with the 9 o'clock crowd, they discovered that McMurry's office was locked, and the Deputy Attorney General's suite was guarded by a group of OPP officers. Luck led them to the one unlocked office door. Once inside, they were able to negotiate a presence in the reception area of the Deputy Attorney General's office. Outside on the street, a small band of supporters unfurled a banner heralding "A Gay Sit-In for Justice," and handed out leaflets which explained the rationale behind "Toronto's first gay sit-in." The full print run of 2,000



Standing up by sitting in: One straight supporter and six gay activists chose non-violent civil disobedience as a way of showing their community had exhausted every other means of redress. Pictured here shortly before entering the Attorney General's office, they are, from the left, Ken Hancock, father, house painter and anti-nuclear activist; Harvey Hamburg, editor of 923-GAYS; Mark Whitehead, co-founder of Gay Youth Toronto; John Lee, sociologist and co-founder of Toronto's Gay Academic Union; Clarence Barnes, teacher at the University of Toronto; Jim McNeil, seminarian and anti-nuclear activist, and Don Barlow, insurance examiner and member of the Gay Liberation Union.

was distributed by early afternoon.

The pamphlet noted that the group had "participated in non-violent civil disobedience training over the past six weeks."

"We did an intensive investigation into the whole thing," Maloney told *TBP*. "We looked at the personal implications, looked at it philosophically and politically. We examined possible scenarios, familiarized ourselves with each other's responses, and developed a deep sense of trust. At the beginning, there was some conflict over strategies, but we reached a consensus that all of us can respect. As John Lee said, 'The experience would have been worthwhile even if we hadn't got by the front door.'"

As *TBP* goes to press in the early hours of August 21, the outcome is still uncertain. The group is decidedly past the front door, and had trucked along enough sandwich-filled attaché cases for at least three days. As well, the police

appear to have abandoned early attempts at preventing them from using the washroom facilities. The gay community has been alerted through 923-GAYS and bar-and-bath leaflets, and has been called to a meeting August 22 to discuss further action.

Before we left, the group hammered out a message they wanted conveyed to the gay community. "We know you're out there," it read, "if you weren't, we would have been hauled away by now. Thank you for all your hard work and support — we feel the sit-in is already a success just by holding out this long. We intend to stay here until the Attorney General meets us..."

They were, of course, aware of other possibilities. When asked earlier by a TV interviewer whether the group was prepared to be arrested, John Lee said yes. "Are you prepared to go to jail?" "Yes."

Gerald Hannon



Scenes from a sit-in: Dr John Lee explains to the media, above left, why the gay community felt such drastic measures were necessary. Attorney General McMurry, he said, had not even bothered to answer their letter requesting a meeting.

A grim faced Harvey Hamburg waits out the afternoon with fellow activist Don Barlow (centre), and at right Dr Lee faces off with Mark Conacher, the Attorney General's Executive Officer. The picture was taken at 5 o'clock as Conacher was telling the group they had to leave. As *TBP* goes to press, however, the seven men are still sitting-in.



McCully asserted:

"It's easier to function if you're straight."

Sommers shot back: "Not if you're gay."

Youth home challenges ruling, tribunal hears experts testify

TORONTO — An administrative tribunal, the Day Nurseries Review Board, adjourned August 16 after four days of hearings to determine whether the gay group home Tri-Aid should be registered under the Children's Boarding Home Act. The hearings will reconvene September 6, and the Act requires that the board reach a decision before September 27.

The hearing, requested by Tri-Aid founder Doug Chin in response to a notice of intention from the ministry to refuse to register the home, pitted against each other some of the same "expert" witnesses as appeared in *The Body Politic* trial, and focused public attention on the still controversial question of gay people and the young. As well, the debate reached into City Hall, drawing Mayor John Sewell into the fray as a supporter, and Alderperson June Rowlands to the hearings as a hostile witness calling Tri-Aid a "bloody disgrace."

Founded in 1977 as a residential care facility for young people, Tri-Aid has provided a home for about 40 teenagers, and the staff have counselled hundreds of others. Registration as a children's boarding home would allow other social service agencies to make regular referrals to Tri-Aid, and would make the home eligible for the government funds that come with such referrals. At present, the five-member staff works on a volunteer basis.

Hearings began August 13 at Queen's Park before a tribunal consisting of Dr Donald Bellamy, chair, Mrs Edna Beange and Mr Guildford Deverell. The government had outlined its objections in a letter from Alan Leslie, Director of Operational Support, and he was the government's first witness. Although he alleged the home was in violation of some of the more vague requirements of the Children's Boarding Homes Act, the burden of the government's case appears to rest on objections to the gay-positive environment in the home. As presented in the May 23 Notice of Intention, they were:

"The said home may be operated in a manner which is prejudicial to the safety or welfare of children placed therein, as, (i) you propose to operate the said home to enable children to establish and determine sexual identity; (ii) you have indicated that you are able to provide a social service consisting of 'gays helping gays'; (iii) exposure to the environment... at said home may unduly influence children towards homosexuality at an age when sexual orientation may still be in the process of development."

Gay people observing the proceedings felt the government's case rested heavily on a wide range of misconceptions. Ministry lawyer Rosemary McCully presented ten witnesses to bolster the government's case. Their testimony gave a picture of gay people as sex-obsessed individuals eager to draw ambivalent, troubled young people into the gay

community. As one witness put it, "Tri-Aid puts too much emphasis on gay community activities, and provides too much opportunity for sexual excitement."

The central irony of the hearings, however, was the general chorus from witnesses — including the government's — as to the great need for the special services offered by Tri-Aid. It was a need that would have to be met, however, "in a heterosexual environment with recognized social workers," according to witness Alan Leslie.

Others objected as well to the qualifications of the staff, the size of the house, or, in the case of Alderperson Rowlands, to Tri-Aid's proximity to "The Strip" — the garish, often gay, section of Yonge Street between Bloor and Dundas Streets. She also said that social service agencies in Toronto had told her that the quality of service being offered was inadequate. In an interview with *TBP*, she said she agreed with the concept of a group home for gay people but that it had to be run by competent workers and should be away from The Strip where "all the hustlers are."

Testifying on Tri-Aid's behalf, writer June Callwood disagreed with Rowlands and said, "You have to put such places where the population feels comfortable. You can't put a hostel like Nellie's in a rich neighbourhood like Rosedale." Callwood is a co-founder of Nellie's, a crisis centre for women.

The press has made much of the support Mayor Sewell has given to the home, and have headlined what they called his "backtracking" on the issue. In fact, Sewell never endorsed Tri-Aid *per se*, and simply wrote to Community and Social Services Minister Keith Norton to say "The question of sexual orientation... is irrelevant to the question of service," and to urge that support "in no way be prejudiced by a discriminatory attitude regarding sexual orientation."

Sewell told *TBP*, "I'm not competent to judge the quality of a group home. That's for the tribunal to decide. But I stand by what I said in my letter — the issue is simply whether it's competently run. Sexual orientation has nothing to do with it."

For most witnesses called by the government, however, the sexual orientation "question" weighed heavily in their deliberations. Dr James Long, who testified for the Crown in *TBP*'s trial, told the tribunal "the majority of homosexuals are suffering from some causative problem which is not shared by heterosexuals," and cited Masters and Johnson's thesis that homosexuals can "change" with therapy. Dr Robert Fulton, speaking for Metro Toronto Children's Aid Society, emphasized there was a danger that staff members and children would become sexually involved. One observer described him as "the most homophobic witness of all." Fulton told the hearing he wanted to see



Tri-Aid defenders pose during the hearing which will decide the fate of the group home for young homosexuals: from the left, Karsten Kossman, John Higgins, Doug Chin, Margot Hallman, Bruce George and Bob Tremble.

"a clear separation between the aims and objectives of the gay rights movement and the aims and objectives of Tri-Aid," because the movement's aims were "inconsistent with those of the Children's Aid Society."

Other witnesses, like Dr Jerry Cooper and Dr Francis Turner, put much emphasis on the need for a professionally high-powered staff because Tri-Aid's programme was so novel it could not be left to people who don't have psychiatric supervision.

The legal team of Hallman and Higgins, who donated their services in the case, have called six witnesses on Tri-Aid's behalf, and will probably call three or four more when the session reconvenes September 6.

Psychiatrist Frank Sommers, who testified for *TBP* at its trial, provided some of the more stimulating moments in the generally low-key hearings. When ministry lawyer McCully asserted that "It's easier to function if you're straight," Sommers shot back, "Not if you're gay." He was asked, too, how a 16-year-old with sexual problems might react to Tri-Aid, and answered, "With tremendous relief."

Grant Lowry, Executive Director of Central Toronto Youth Services, told the hearings his agency had twice referred young people to Tri-Aid, once with the permission of a provincial court judge who made the referral a condition of the boy's probation. "I felt the placement was successful," Lowry said. "The boy showed significant improvement."

Dr Susan Bradley from the Clarke Institute of Psychiatry testified to the need for an organization like Tri-Aid, and said she was aware of a number of young gay people who could profit from such a home if she were able to send them

there. It has rarely worked out, she said, when young gays are placed in a home with an all-straight staff.

Tri-Aid Director Doug Chin told *TBP* he was "immensely pleased, and gratified" for the work done on the case by Margot Hallman and John Higgins, and by the fact that all of their witnesses had donated their time and talents. Witnesses for the government were paid.

Although the board hearing the case can order that a registration be entered for Tri-Aid, the government could appeal such a decision to a divisional court. Tri-Aid also could appeal to the Divisional Court, a branch of the Supreme Court of Ontario.

Gerald Hannon □

Windsor car workers urge code changes

WINDSOR — The Human Rights Committee of Local 195 of the United Auto Workers has urged the Ontario Minister of Labour to implement the recommendations of the *Life Together* report. Their letter of June 7 draws specific attention to two proposed amendments to the Human Rights Code: the inclusion of "sexual orientation" and of "political beliefs" as prohibited grounds for discrimination in the OHRC.

In his informative reply, Labour Minister Robert Elgie stated that the two recommendations "are under careful study by my Ministry and the Government. This autumn I expect to table, in the legislature, amendments to the Human Rights Code. As you are aware, both issues you raise are among those on which there are differing points of view, and I appreciate your expressing the relevant concerns of Local 195." □

**When did you last hear gay activists
pay tribute to Claire Hoy's political acumen?
Well, this time he's right.**

Activists forge battle plan for last push on code change

TORONTO — Southern Ontario gay activists have rallied around the familiar "sexual orientation" cause in a last effort to win human rights legislation for the province's lesbians and gay men.

Ontario Labour Minister Bob Elgie confirmed June 19 that the Tory government plans to introduce amendments to the Ontario Human Rights Code during the fall sitting. In March of this year, when official rumblings of these plans, were first heard, a Queen's Park spokesperson refused to confirm or deny that the proposed amendments excluded sexual orientation. The Toronto *Sun's* columnist, Claire Hoy, alleges that it has been dropped.

Taking their cue from Hoy's June 20 column, "Homosexuals gearing up for big equal rights battle," Toronto gay activists called together a two-day "think tank" to discuss just such a gearing up. Held in Toronto over the August 4 - 5 weekend, the conference drew many new people.

Meetings discussed and adopted a "10 point programme for action." A Campaign Committee, based in Toronto but involving others through the Coalition for Gay Rights in Ontario, was set up to implement conference decisions. It has met once already to elect a 16-member steering committee and establish working committees.

An extensive lobby of MPP's is getting underway. Gay religious organizations and lesbian and gay members of political parties have agreed to approach MPPs with similar affiliations. Activists from outside of Toronto will make it known that not all Ontario gays live in Toronto's three downtown ridings.

Peter Maloney, a founder of the Right to Privacy Committee, has been hired as a fulltime lobbyist for the six-month campaign.

Increasing public awareness and support is seen as crucial to the success of the pro-gay amendment, and the Committee is exploring aggressive and innovative ways of using the media for that purpose.

A fund drive — Target Ten Thousand — is asking members of Ontario's lesbian and gay community to donate a dollar a month for the next six months. Petitioning, demonstrating, and declaring a "gay human rights day" are all part of the Campaign Committee's strategy.

"The battle for sexual orientation has been so drawn out that many of us were sceptical about being able to generate this kind of enthusiasm" said organizer Tom Warner. "But people seemed to realize that we've invested a lot in the struggle so far. We can't afford not to give it all we've got in this last push."

Chris Bearchell □

Judge throws out sex bias suit

TORONTO — A judge of the Supreme Court of Ontario has ruled that a woman who claimed she was dismissed from a secretary-bookkeeper job because of her sex has no grounds for suing her employer for wrongful dismissal.

In an appeal from a county court decision, Mr Justice Griffiths of the High Court of Justice held that the Ontario Human Rights Code, which forbids discrimination on the basis of sex, prevents someone from suing for wrongful dismissal. The only remedy the woman had, Mr Justice Griffiths ruled, was provided by statute: filing a formal complaint with the Ontario Human Rights Commission.

The Commission mediates and settles most complaints and does not resort to formal hearings unless a dispute cannot otherwise be resolved. The Commission has to have the consent of the provincial Labour Minister to set up a Board of Inquiry to examine and rule upon a complaint. The Minister's prior consent is also required in order to commence any prosecution of persons contravening the Human Rights Code.

A woman named MacDonald, represented by Toronto lawyer Harry Kopyto (a former lawyer of John Damien), had tried to sue a company in Stoney Creek, Ontario. MacDonald

alleged in her court claim that she performed her duties competently for her several months spent on the job but was dismissed because the company "wanted a man to replace her." She claimed that this dismissal was contrary to law and asked for reinstatement and \$7499 in damages.

Mr. Justice Griffiths ruled that dismissal on the ground of sex was not wrongful under British common law, and that the only remedy available to a victim of such discrimination is a formal complaint to the OHRC.

It is not yet clear what effect this precedent will have on the John Damien case, since the basis upon which Damien is claiming he was discriminated against, his sexual orientation, is not one of the grounds mentioned in the Human Rights Code. Observers fear that a court may be extremely reluctant to find that a civil suit based on sexual orientation discrimination is valid.

Paul Trollope □

Rights group faulted by BC coalition

VICTORIA — Gay people, working in a coalition with old people, women, Jews and racial minorities, have urged the BC Human Rights Commission to become more accessible, and be more vocal in support of beleaguered minorities.

That was the main thrust of the Victoria Human Rights Coalition brief pre-

sented July 17 at a commission meeting in Nanaimo.

The portion of the brief dealing with sexual orientation was presented by Dr Neil Lindquist of the University of Victoria. Lindquist, a member of the Society for Education, Action, Research and Counselling in Homosexuality, told the commission that gay organizations would soon be presenting a more detailed brief on sexual orientation.

In his presentation, Lindquist noted that "while the content of such stereotypes (about homosexuals) and myths may differ from racist or sexist prejudices, their function and effect is the same — a justification for oppression and the creation of a climate of fear and misunderstanding."

Lindquist also noted, "It is particularly disappointing to find that individuals officially charged with the promotion of human rights and fundamental freedoms share in, and contribute to, the dissemination of prejudice against minorities."

He was referring to a now notorious meeting in April at which commissioners had made sarcastic comments about women and homosexuals.

"Surely one can expect more of a human rights commission," he said, "at the minimum we should expect that they do not themselves contribute to the problem."

Neil Vant, the commission member who publicly stated that homosexuals are "very abnormal" and are "prone to assaulting children," was not at the meeting.

The twelve-member commission is responsible for promoting human rights in BC, and is separate from the Human Rights Branch which enforces the BC Human Rights Code. □

Board starts inquiry into firing of teacher

SMEATON, SK — A Board of Reference established under the *Education Act* began an inquiry August 20 into the dismissal of Don Jones, a teacher who alleges he was fired because he is gay.

The firing has been attacked by leaders of Saskatchewan's gay community, who have organized a support campaign for the former school

principal, and are circulating a petition to protest the Nipawan School Board's actions. Reports indicate that Jones has considerable local support in this town of 250.

The Saskatoon Gay Community Centre has established a defence fund to help defray legal costs. Contributions may be sent to: FIGHT BACK DEFENCE FUND, c/o P O Box 7508, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. □

Prison brass OKs sex change surgery

EDMONTON — A prisoner in the maximum security Edmonton Institute will be transferred to Kingston Penitentiary for Women following the completion of sex reassignment surgery.

Sheldon Ball, serving a life sentence for the stabbing death of a male in 1977, was given permission to undergo the series of three operations on the recommendation of the judge who sentenced him. Dr Dan Craigon, chief of medical services for the federal corrections service, also recommended the surgery.

Ball, who will be changing his name to Shelly, is believed to be the first convicted murderer in a federal prison to receive such treatment. One other prisoner was allowed to complete the operations he had begun before he was incarcerated.

Dr Craigon said the decision to allow the operation was made from a "purely humanitarian point of view."

Ball, who worked as a prostitute in Edmonton for 12 years, murdered a male customer by stabbing him 17 times. At his trial Ball told the court, "I hated all men. I wanted to kill one for years."

James Robb, Ball's lawyer, attributed the killing to the conflict of "feeling like a woman, yet being caught in a man's body."

"That can create a situation where you begin to hate men simply because you hate your own body," said Robb.

Robb argued at the trial that the operation would lessen Ball's tendency towards violence by eliminating such conflict.

Prison officials are trying to downplay publicity about the operation to allow Ball to keep a low profile among the prisoners following the transfer. □



Peter Maloney, Jim Monk, Tom Warner: "last push" for rights

Gang acts gay to set up park trap

TORONTO — A man badly beaten in David Balfour Park says a gang of straight toughs is using a new tactic to catch gay men unawares. Bob Schisler, who was taken to Sunnybrook Hospital in the early hours of August 7 with a broken nose, multiple abrasions and loose teeth, told *TBP* he walked into a dangerous situation because two of the men who attacked him were ostensibly kissing under a tree.

"I was leaving the park up by the reservoir," Schisler said, "and I saw these two guys. One was short and blond, and the other was skinny, dark haired and scruffy. They seemed to be kissing, and that's a pretty common sight in the park so I didn't pay much attention to it. But suddenly they started to move toward me, and then at least three more jumped out of the bushes. I heard somebody yell, 'Let's get 'im,' and I ran like hell."

The group, in their late teens or early twenties, caught Schisler before he could get to a street, and brought him down to the ground where they kicked, punched and beat him with sticks. "They kept calling me 'fuckin' faggot,'" Schisler says, "and one of them said 'Let's knife 'im,' but at that point a woman yelled at them from a nearby house and they ran off."

A man from the same house came to Schisler's assistance with water and some paper towels, and said he'd called the police. They arrived about 20 minutes later, and drove him to Sunnybrook where he was given preliminary treatment and a tetanus shot. "They told me I shouldn't have been in the park anyway," said Schisler, "but I just told them I had every right to be there, and it was those creeps who had no right to be in the park. But I ran into some different cops on the way out who asked me insulting questions like, 'Are you the one

who's been molesting and raping young boys in the Grange area?"

"I just told them I don't molest or rape anybody."

Schisler says he intends to apply to the Criminal Injuries Compensation Board to cover his costs in the incident.

Gerald Hannon □

RCMP porno raids to be challenged

Canadian and Québécois gays are taking decisive action to counteract RCMP pornography raids on gay bedrooms across the country. At its annual conference in Ottawa, the Canadian Lesbian and Gay Rights Coalition agreed to make presentations to the McDonald Royal Commission investigating RCMP wrongdoing.

Gay activists will attempt to contact individuals whose homes have been raided by RCMP officers in search of pornography and will determine whether any victims of the raids are willing to testify before the McDonald Commission.

The Coalition also decided that the only likely way to achieve reform of those areas of the Criminal Code in which gays are interested is to take the initiative in establishing a coalition of progressive organizations, gay and non-gay, which are willing to work actively in this direction.

In Toronto, the Right to Privacy Committee, established by the gay community to defend those accused in the December, 1978 raid on The Barracks steam bath, recently voted to take up the porno raids on individuals' homes as a right to privacy issue. A subcommittee was established to look into possible tactics and recommend a plan

of action to the committee's executive.

To date, plans include an extensive lobbying campaign with newly-elected federal politicians, particularly those seen to be sympathetic to the Toronto gay community, and a possible lawsuit against the federal customs department to challenge its authority to seize gay materials on the pretext that they are "immoral or indecent."

Other plans include the distribution of a poster advising prospective porno raid victims of their legal rights, a campaign against the use of writs of assistance and for the repeal of the Customs Tariff item permitting the prohibition of erotic materials, and comprehensive documentation of all known raids and seizures affecting gays.

Meanwhile, the raids are continuing across the country. *TBP* has been informed of new raids taking place in Ottawa, Toronto, Stratford, Montreal, St Catharines and Timmins. One *TBP* subscriber was raided while he was out of the country on holiday — and all the porno seized was heterosexual.

Paul Trollope □

Board won't budge in contract dispute

TORONTO—The Metro Toronto Library Board is refusing the demand of library assistants at the Metro Central Library (Yonge at Bloor) to include the words "sexual orientation" in the non-discrimination clause of their 1979 contract.

CUPE Local 1582 is asking this year, as it has done every year since certification in 1974, to have a contractual guarantee that lesbian and gay workers at the library will not be discriminated against. At a meeting August 15, the Library Board again refused to make that guarantee. The board maintains it already has a non-discrimination policy with regard to homosexuals, and therefore there is no need to include the words in the contract.

Rob Laycock, president of Local 1582, points out the faulty logic in the Board's position. "Is the Board therefore saying they have a policy of discrimination on the basis of race and religion since those words are included in the contract?" Laycock says that the workers at the library, most of whom are straight, recognize the importance of the issue, and will continue to push for a contractual guarantee.

The union has been without a contract since January. It has applied for conciliation procedure which will begin sometime near the end of September.

CUPE Local 1582 is asking for public support. They ask that people write Mr John S Ridout, Chairman, Metro Toronto Library Board, 789 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont. M4W 2G8, expressing support for the union in this issue of sexual orientation. If possible, please send copies to CUPE Local 1582, c/o Rob Laycock, 439 Sackville Street, No. 29A Toronto, Ont. M4X 1T1.

Alan McLean □

Gay Studies offered

WINNIPEG—The University of Manitoba Continuing Education Division will be offering a six week course entitled "Homosexuality in History and in Contemporary Society."

The course hopes to provide an introduction to both social and personal issues raised by the emergence of the homosexual community. The university has arranged for speakers who are involved in the issues under discussion, and will provide time for group discussion.

The course will be held Monday evenings beginning September 24. For further information contact Ted Millward, St. John's College, telephone (204) 474-8542. □

Sick, sick, sick!

One July night after the bars closed, three gay men were walking up Toronto's Church Street. Two of them had their arms around each other's shoulders. A police car drew up alongside them. One of the two cops inside rolled down his window and shouted, "Sick, sick sick! Stop groping each other, this isn't a public washroom."

Verbal abuse from the Toronto police appears to be on the upswing. Have you experienced it recently? We want to document such incidents, and to tell you how to register official complaints.

If it happens to you, call *TBP* at 863-6320. And — in the likelihood that it will happen to you — prepare yourself now for dealing with their abuse.

When it happens, avoid an angry exchange. Ask for the name and badge number of the officer. At least get the license number of the cruiser, and note the exact time and place.

The more substantiated your report is, the stronger its impact will be. Why not prepare a friend as well? □

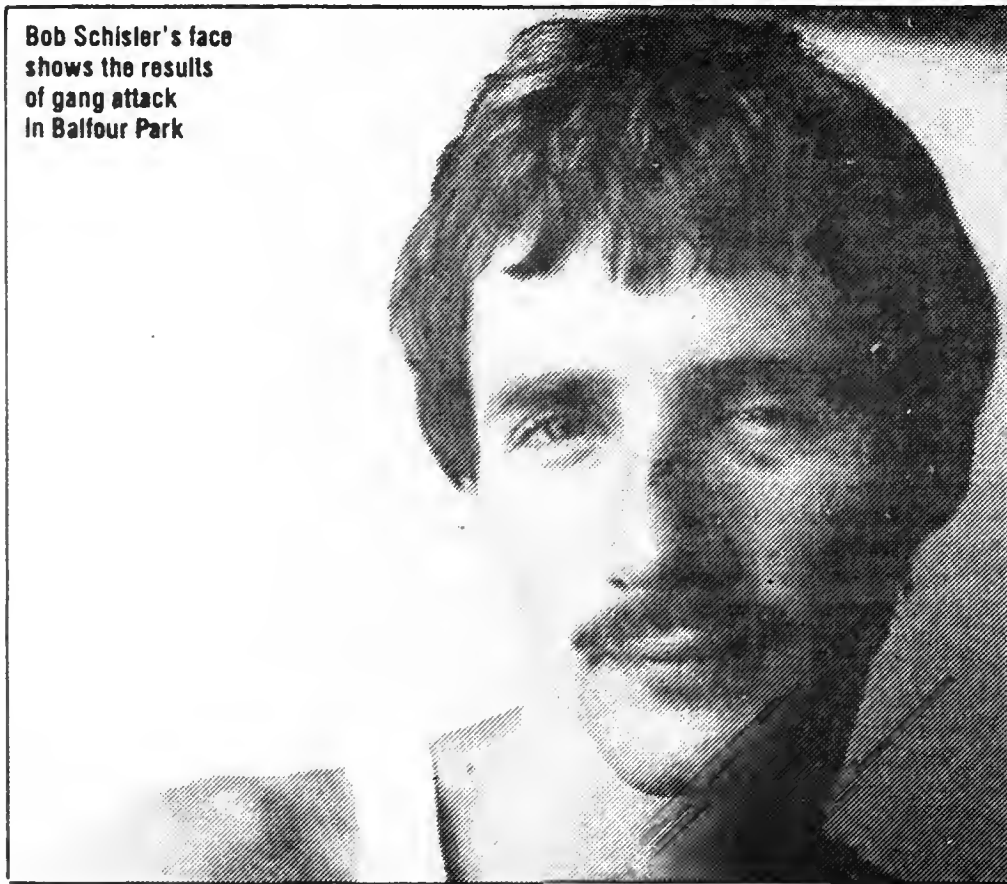
Indecency hearings begin in Winnipeg

WINNIPEG—Preliminary hearings have begun in the cases of the 12 men charged in the "juvenile sex-for-cash" scandal which broke here in February (*TBP*, March/April, June). The men have been charged with various counts of buggery and gross indecency.

Richard C Malone, former publisher of the *Winnipeg Free Press*, initially pleaded not guilty to 10 charges including buggery, gross indecency, and conspiracy to obstruct justice. Six of the charges were eventually dropped and Malone changed his plea to guilty to one charge of attempting to obstruct justice and one charge of buggery. He is pleading not guilty to two charges of gross indecency.

Malone, who had been in custody since his arrest May 17, was released on

Bob Schisler's face shows the results of gang attack in Balfour Park



**"A successful review board must have the *complete* support of the police community."
So there won't be one.**

\$75,000 bail. He will be sentenced on the two charges to which he pleaded guilty August 30. He was committed at his preliminary hearing July 26 to stand trial for the other two charges on the same date.

Thomas Breen pleaded guilty to several charges of gross indecency at his preliminary hearing on July 20. Judge Arnold Connor remanded him to September 12 for sentencing.

Bruce Montgomery will be arraigned August 14 on seven charges of buggery and six charges of gross indecency.

Edmund Albert Oliverio has pleaded not guilty to 16 charges involving homosexual activities with juveniles.

Former CBC television host Allen Spraggett's preliminary hearing into two gross indecency charges was adjourned August 14 after his lawyer claimed that masturbation is not an offence in Canada. Spraggett pleaded not guilty on the other count, for which he has elected trial by judge and jury. The defence has asked that the second charge be quashed. The judge granted an adjournment for one week in order that Spraggett's lawyer could apply to the Manitoba Court of Queen's Bench for an order of prohibition.

A ban on publication of evidence presented at the preliminary hearings has been imposed. □

Bounced from disco, men file complaint

MONTREAL — Two men who were ordered to leave a disco because they were dancing together have taken their case before the Quebec Human Rights Commission. They say they were discriminated against in access to public services on the basis of sex and their sexual orientation.

The management of Le Zodiac, a Rimouski disco, told Alain Bouchard and his friend Lévi Bérubé to stop dancing together, and threatened to throw them out if they continued. The incident occurred July 15.

Manager Armand Rioux claimed that he could not allow two men to dance together for "financial reasons" since the sight would produce a decrease in profits.

Bouchard, a gay writer and psychologist, told *TBP* he was fairly sure they could win their case. "It's quite normal to see women dancing together at Le Zodiac," he said.

The Quebec Charter of Human Rights and Freedoms was amended in December 1977 to prohibit discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation.

Stuart Russell □

Got a hot news tip?

If you have a lead on a news story, and the community should know about it, give us a call. Confidentiality guaranteed.

TBP NEWSLINE: 863-6320

Cops still holding NDP caucus list?

TORONTO — The membership list of the NDP Gay Caucus, seized in the raid on a teacher's home last June, is still in the hands of the police according to what the teacher has told *TBP*.

As reported last issue, police told the teacher, "Bob," that matters might be cleared up if he put his claim in writing. Besides the list, Bob wanted back his bank statement, his address book, and some tape recordings of his students doing book reviews.

Bob wrote Deputy Chief Akroyd early in August, and set up an appointment for August 13.

"When I went," Bob told *TBP*, "it was soon clear that they weren't going to give me anything back. They said they'd already returned both the list and the address book, that they had no bank statement, and that all my tapes were necessary for evidence. I lost my temper and shouted at him and slammed out."

TBP spoke to Staff Superintendent Marks, filling in for Deputy Chief Akroyd. He said the police "had bent over backwards" to help Bob, and that he couldn't recall a case where they had co-operated as much as they had in this one.

He still insists they have returned the list, and Bob still insists that what they returned was an NDP pamphlet, not the names of NDP Gay Caucus members. Marks also told *TBP* that all the tapes examined so far contain no children's book reports.

TBP is attempting to set up a meeting between Bob and the police at which a representative of the paper is present. □

Déjà vu department

One thing you have to admit about our police is that in a changing world they remain remarkably consistent. The Canadian Gay Archives has just handed us a yellowing newspaper clipping from the *Globe and Mail*, dated September 7, 1968.

The article reports on a meeting of the Canadian Association of Chiefs of Police, in Granby, Quebec. The topic under discussion was a resolution opposing the Trudeau government's proposed changes to the Criminal Code regarding homosexuality.

"I think it will do a lot more harm to this association if we don't pass this," Chief James Mackey of Toronto.

"This is just another attempt to take some of the decencies out of the law," Chief James Kettles of Saskatoon.

"The search by homosexuals for partners often leads to assault, theft, male prostitution and murder. Homosexuals...are preyed upon by fairy hawks (sic) who make a business of assaulting and robbing homosexuals." L R Hobbs, Director of Montreal Port Police.

Needless to say, the resolution opposing the changes passed overwhelmingly. Plus ça change... □

Ontario cops deny inquiry, rubber stamp Toronto report

TORONTO — The Ontario Police Commission has denied requests for an inquiry into the treatment of minorities by the Metro Toronto Police Force.

In the introduction to a July 26 report, Commission Chairman T J Graham explained: "It is our opinion that the Board of Commissioners of Police and the Chief of Police have dealt adequately with the entire matter, and have taken the necessary steps to ensure that policies of non-discrimination are clearly enunciated in the Rules and Regulations of the Force."

The 21-page report justifies this stance by examining and dismissing each of the 14 demands that have been put before Police Chief Harold Adamson and the Toronto Board of Commissioners of Police. (*TBP*, July, August)

The OPC designates three of the demands as already having been met, and pleads lack of jurisdiction or inability to act because the matter is before the courts for four others. The Commission concurs with the Toronto Board of Commissioners of Police in all remaining demands.

The OPC dismissed the demand for a civilian review board. This demand has come from many quarters over the years, including the Maloney Inquiry and the Morand Royal Commission. "Any (review) system, to be successful," said the OPC, "must have the complete support of the police community."

"This response reads like a guide to political whitewash," said Right to Privacy Committee spokesperson Brian Mossop. "The Commission is not prepared to relinquish its own power in this area to mere civilians. It starts from the assumption that any mis-conduct happens at the officer level, so that appeals to police chiefs, boards and

government bodies seem like adequate recourse. There is no consideration of possible abuse at those levels themselves. The whole situation is a cross between 1984 and Catch 22."

In response to the demand that the Police Commission take a public stand against anti-gay prejudice and discrimination, the Toronto Commission produced a document which asserts that it is "totally committed to battling all forms of discrimination."

"We are all familiar with the way that line is used as a dodge at election time" Mossop noted. "The Commission's 'Declaration of Concern and Intent' does not once use the words gay, lesbian, or homosexual — they cannot even acknowledge our existence as a legitimate minority subject to discrimination."

Toronto police Psychology Consultant Mrs Reva Gerstein testifies in the report "that at no time in her experience has sexual orientation been used as a *singular* (emphasis ours) factor in employment." The Toronto Commission also concludes that if it were to accept a demand to screen out discernably prejudiced recruits it would amount to reverse discrimination.

Both the Toronto and the Ontario Commissions insist they are "not prepared to divest the Force of the legal methods of performing its task." This task, according to the reports, is perceived not as stopping or preventing the commission of victimless "crimes" but as "the apprehending and prosecuting of offenders."

MCC's Brent Hawkes summed up gay community reaction to the report: "It seems the avenues open to us are rapidly closing. All they've done is take the Metro Police Commission's position and rubber stamp it." □



A 21-page version (right) of a 71-page joke (left). It's anyone's guess how many gay taxpayers' dollars it took to tell us what we already know — that the cops treat us exactly the same way they treat all minorities — badly.

Cops now use "counselling" as charge in parks, washrooms

Undercover cops are fast becoming expert in the subtle and intricate language of cruising. It is a language, however, that appears to get used only in entrapment situations.

Over this summer, TBP has received many calls from men who have been enticed into a sexual situation in a park or washroom. That is a time-honoured police technique — the only difference this year is that there have been many more incidents. In the last two months, however, three cases have come to our attention which indicate the police will now press charges even if no physical contact of any kind occurs. In one case, reported below, the individual merely smiled, nodded his head, and moved toward a urinal. It appears we have entered the era of the "thought crime" — you are to be charged for what the police conclude you have been thinking of doing.

We report here the case of "Bill," who was threatened with a charge of "counselling an indecent act," and the cases of two men entrapped in Allan Gardens.

TBP continues to recommend that men who enjoy park and washroom cruising should exercise extreme caution. Anyone involved in, or aware of, similar incidents should contact us at 863-6320. Confidentiality guaranteed.

TORONTO — Bill, not his real name, entered the empty hotel washroom in the late evening. While he was there several other people came in, including a younger, fairly attractive man who positioned himself at a urinal two down from Bill's. Almost immediately the stranger began to cruise Bill openly and aggressively. But not, as Bill related the story, without sophistication, and even a bit of charm.

The stranger received neither encouragement nor response from Bill, and soon left. But not before rather grandly exposing himself while zipping up. Bill finished, went to the wash basin, and was just disposing of his used paper

towels when the stranger re-entered the room. He gave Bill a big, warm smile. He hesitated. Then he winked at Bill and grinned in a boyish sort of way.

Bill walked past the stranger on his way out. But something made him stop and look back. He met the stranger's eyes for an instant. Bill smiled. The stranger grinned. Bill nodded his head in greeting and moved back toward the urinal.

The stranger came up behind him and said, simply, "I'm a police officer and you're under arrest."

Stunned and confused, Bill turned to face the officer, who no longer wore a beguiling smile. Before Bill could adjust to the sudden turnaround, the officer was frisking him. He rubbed his hands up and down Bill's ass, pretending not to notice that his jeans had no back pockets. When he moved his hands up the inside of Bill's legs, he let them linger over, and cup, Bill's crotch, until told to stop.

The officer was polite and correct after that. Bill followed him to an office occupied by a hotel employee, and began to argue his innocence. The cop asked him why he did things like this. Bill pointed out that he hadn't done anything, that it had been the cop himself who had pursued the meeting from the beginning. How could he be charged, Bill demanded, when there had not only been no sexual activity, they had not even touched. The officer informed him that he could be charged with "counselling an indecent act," which meant he would have had to encourage the actions only. Bill continued to argue that the entrapment was completely unfair, and eventually the officer had to admit that he himself had taken the more active role.

Bill doesn't know why the cop decided not to charge him on the spot. He said he'd write a report and let his supervisor decide. His parting words to Bill were, "This doesn't mean you'll necessarily be charged."

Two months went by. Bill passed them in fear. Waiting for the knock at his door. Waiting for the ride down to the station, the fingerprinting, and the humiliation that goes with it. It never came.

One day Bill decided it probably wouldn't come. So he agreed to tell his story, just one of the scores like it, because he wants others to know one of the ways police go about getting their victims. He also wants people to know that, even though no charge was laid against him, the police were able to make him live in fear for two months, and can't ever be called to account. □

TORONTO — Police involved in the continuing entrapment operations carried on in Allan Gardens have charged two men with "counselling to commit buggery." The charges, which carry a maximum penalty of seven years imprisonment, are a marked departure from the usual police practice of using "indecent act" or "gross indecency" charges in such circumstances.

Conviction would not require proof of the commission of the acts of buggery alleged to have been counselled, but merely evidence that the accused encouraged or advised someone to commit the act. It is also unnecessary for the Crown to prove that the person counselled was in fact influenced by such encouragements.

Buggery remains an indictable offence in Canada unless performed in private by no more than two persons each of whom is 21 years or more of age. Conviction for buggery itself carries a maximum penalty of 14 years imprisonment.

The charges against the two men arose from separate incidents involving an undercover police agent operating in the park. The officer was cruising the area, and alleges that each of the men charged suggested to him they have anal intercourse in the park.

Neither of the men has yet entered a plea to the charge. Trial dates have been set for November.

Ross Irwin □

City official flushed from toilet cover-up

TORONTO — An elected city official has been charged with common assault by Canadian Pacific Police following an incident at the Royal York Hotel. The charge is thought to be the result of pressure from the Toronto Sun, which has been calling for police to take action on a washroom incident a month and a half earlier at the same hotel.

On June 22 a CP Hotels employee walked into a Royal York Hotel washroom and observed an incident which resulted in CP Police calling Metropolitan Toronto Police to charge a person in connection with "a homosexual incident." However, when Metro Police arrived they were told there was no reason for them to stay and that a charge would be laid by summons. No charges were laid at that time, but representatives of CP and Metro police are reported to

have conferred with the Crown Attorney's office.

The story finally was broken late in July by CFTO-TV newperson Bill Rodgers. "I have the name but I can't use it," Rodgers said at the time. "The problem is, no charges have been laid and there could be legal problems if it's used."

On August 1 Ontario Attorney-General Roy McMurtry said he "might" look into "an alleged homosexual act involving an elected official and another man" in the hotel washroom. No one would say who the elected official was.

By August 2 McMurtry's office was saying that it was up to CP Police, who patrol the Royal York, to decide whether or not to lay charges. CP said it was their understanding no charges would be laid and Metro Police said, "I don't think anything is forthcoming from this end." The Toronto Sun continued to run stories expressing concern that the "elected official" would "get off the hook."

Federal Solicitor-General Allan Lawrence, contacted August 6 by the Sun, promised to investigate whether any "skulduggery" was involved in the failure to lay charges.

Lawrence said he hadn't heard of the case until it was publicized by the news media, adding that "if something is being hushed up, I can tell CP Police to turn it over to Metro Police. If I can hurry this up, I'll be glad to."

Lawrence admitted, however, that the administration of justice was strictly a provincial matter under McMurtry's jurisdiction.

Sun writer Claire Hoy's entire August 8 column was devoted to the incident. Hoy urged that charges be laid and the matter be dealt with publicly in court. He worried about whether the "alarming" incident would reinforce the belief that "there are two systems of justice — a higher one for the powerful and a routine one for us."

Hoy also speculated as to whether complaints of police harassment by the gay community were "intimidating" the police into not laying charges in cases involving homosexual activity. All municipal officials were "tainted" as long as the matter remained covered up, he said.

On August 9 the Sun reported that a city alderperson had been charged with common assault, following an incident at the Royal York Hotel. Toronto Police Chief Harold Adamson confirmed that CP Police had laid the charge, although CP Police would not confirm or deny the report. One officer said his superiors had forbidden him to make any comment on the charge at all.

In incidents involving "homosexual activity" in public washrooms, police usually charge their victims with gross indecency, indecent assault or indecent act in a public place. All are more serious charges than common assault.

There has been no official confirmation that the charge against the municipal official stems from the "alleged homosexual incident."

Paul Trollope □

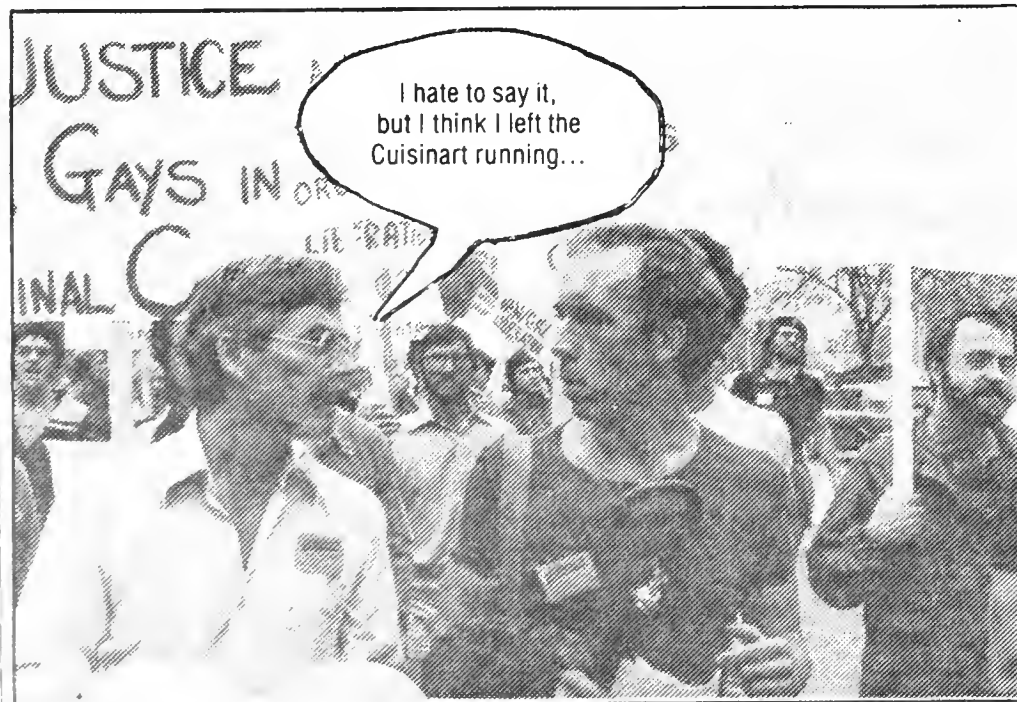


Photo: Gerald Hammon



A recitation of anti-gay violence at Vancouver GATE meeting.

continued from p 8

people assert the committee has gone so far as to endorse the clean-up campaign and, specifically, council's decision to install more lighting around English Bay to discourage cruising.

The meeting at the West End Community Centre passed a resolution, put forward by GATE, calling on the mayor and police to stop ignoring crimes against gays (see box this page). It also passed a resolution endorsing a GATE-sponsored rally against anti-gay violence August 11 in front of the Vancouver courthouse.

GATE member Don Hann said that self-defence groups to teach people how to deal with violence and the psychology of violence started August 19.

Be it resolved...

Be it resolved that the Gay Community, as represented at this meeting, call upon the Mayor and the Police Department to take steps to ensure:

- (1) That the police respond promptly to reports of violence or threatened violence against lesbians and gay men;
- (2) That the police actively investigate all such cases, current as well as future, and that where evidence exists of the identity of the assailants, charges be laid and vigorously pursued;
- (3) That the police make it their concern to protect rather than to harass lesbians and gay men; and that GATE, as the organization sponsoring this meeting, communicate these demands to City Hall and the Police Commission.

GATE is seeking to document violence against gays in the Vancouver area, and asks gays who have been victims of such violence to contact GATE at 683-3832.

Hann said the achievement of the anti-violence meeting was that "it produced the beginnings of mass awareness of violence against gays in this city."

Equally to the point was the statement of one of the men who told their horror

stories to the audience in the Community Centre that night:

"I've lived in the West End for eight years. That was the first time for me. There's going to be a time for you. We need each other."

Ken Popert □

Protest rally draws biggest crowd yet

VANCOUVER — More than 400 people turned out August 11 for a rally in Robson Square, the site of the city's courthouse. Endorsed by the BC Federation of Labour, the BC Status of Women, and several unions, the rally took as its central theme a protest against police inaction in the many cases of anti-gay violence brought to public attention.

Police Chief Winterton termed the rally "an overreaction," and said he was ready to meet privately with members of the gay community at any time. But protest co-ordinator Rob Joyce of GATE told *TBP* that "we've turned it down. We've always insisted on public meetings with the police, ones that the media can attend as well. Until they agree to that, we've no intention of meeting with them."

Although Joyce termed the rally "a major success, something new for Vancouver," it was preceded by a step-up in police harassment. Police warned Joyce that anyone poster for the event could be charged under a seldom-used city by-law. A few days later, Don Hann, spokesperson for the rally organizers, was charged for poster and fined \$50. The charge was so unusual, said Joyce, that the clerk accepting the fine had to do a search in order to discover what the amount was.

The rally was interrupted once by a small group of straight thugs throwing eggs, but GATE's own security team was able to disperse them without further incident.

"The whole campaign has had a tremendous educational effect on both the straight and gay communities," Joyce told *TBP*. "The problem of violence against gay people has been acknowledged for the serious problem that it is. We've also been able to work with lesbians on this issue, and that's very rare in Vancouver." □

OUR TIME HAS COME

On June 18, the cabinet minister responsible for the Ontario Human Rights Code announced that a revised Code would soon be introduced, "probably early in the fall."

Will gay men and lesbians be protected by the new Code?
Will discrimination on the grounds of "sexual orientation" be prohibited in the new Code?

MAKE IT HAPPEN

- Write for information about the coming campaign to influence the Ontario Legislature.
- Join the Coalition for Gay Rights in Ontario. Send \$10, payable to CGRO, for membership.
- Contribute financially, directly to the campaign. Make cheques payable to CGRO, Human Rights Campaign
- Volunteer your time.

Write to: CGRO

Human Rights Committee
29 Granby Street
Toronto, ON M5B 1H8

CGRO

The Right to Privacy Committee goes to court.

The Right to Privacy Committee has been much in the news lately. Thanks to massive turnouts at pickets and in hearing rooms, it has been a voice for our community against police harassment.

But... the Committee *also* has to raise money for the legal defence of the 27 men charged, following the December 9 police raid on the Barracks steam bath, with being "found-ins" and "keepers of a common bawdy house." The Committee is also defending a gay teacher who has been charged with "keeping a common bawdy house" in his own home.

We've raised \$32,000.
But we need \$63,000 more.

Make donations payable to Ross Irwin in Trust, and mail to Symes & Irwin, Barristers and Solicitors, 31 Prince Arthur Ave., Toronto, ON M5R 1B2.

Benefit performance for The Right to Privacy Committee

Oscar Remembered

starring Raymond Clarke

October 5 and 6

at the NDWT Theatre

(formerly the Bathurst Street Theatre)

Phone 923-GAYS the week of the performance
for times and ticket prices.

Immigration head issues order to halt stopping of gay aliens

SAN FRANCISCO — The Commissioner of the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS), Leonel Castillo, issued a directive August 13 announcing that persons entering the United States are not to be detained or deported if they are suspected of being homosexual. The INS directive comes after a furor raised by gay rights groups and congresspersons when gay Englishman Carl Hill was refused entry to the US June 3.

Two Mexican gays refused entry in San Francisco are also affected by the order.

Carl Hill was stopped at San Francisco airport because he was wearing a Gay Pride button, and ordered to undergo a Public Health Service (PHS) psychiatric assessment to certify whether or not he was homosexual. American immigration law forbids the entry of "sexual deviants" and persons with "mental defects," but a PHS certification of homosexuality is necessary before an alleged homosexual can be deported.

Lawyers with Gay Rights Advocates, a non-profit law firm, successfully obtained a temporary restraining order forbidding the PHS examination. Hill's lawyers hoped to obtain a permanent restraining order at trial August 13.

On August 2, however, Dr Julius Richmond, Surgeon General of the PHS, announced that the organization would no longer conduct examinations of individuals to determine whether or not they were homosexuals. "First, the change will reflect current and generally accepted canons of medical practice with respect to homosexuality," said Dr Richmond, "and second, the determination of homosexuality is not made through a medical diagnostic procedure."

The PHS adopted last year the American Psychiatric Association's position that homosexuals were neither "sexual deviants" nor "psychopathic." However, the immigration service has continued to pressure the PHS to conduct examinations of homosexuals, arguing that "homosexual" was a legislative rather than a medical determination, and that it was clearly the intent of Congress to exclude homosexuals from admittance to the United States.

Several public figures have protested the policy. Ted Weiss, the Democratic Congressperson from Manhattan, described it as "both unjustified and inconsistent with current public and professional attitudes... Being a homosexual does not imply that one's civil rights should be denied any more than being a woman does." Congressman Phil Burton of San Francisco termed Carl Hill's exclusion an "outrage."

On August 3, however, two Mexicans were detained at San Francisco airport. Miguel Martinez and Arturo Cruz had arrived in the US for a two-week vacation. One was wearing an earring, and the other carried what appeared to be a woman's purse. An American friend alerted Gay Rights Advocates, who

succeeded in obtaining a court order forcing immigration authorities to release the two men pending an exclusionary hearing August 14. The hearing was cancelled when INS Commissioner Castillo issued the directive August 13.

The directive will be effective "until such inconsistencies and ambiguities (as the PHS refusal to do psychiatric certifications) are resolved by Congress."

While the INS directive, which has been distributed to all US border crossings, consulates and embassies, should end harassment of "alien" gays trying to enter the US, it does not prevent individual border guards from taking their own initiative in preventing homosexuals from entering. Said Lew Lascher, a lawyer with Gay Rights Advocates, "The best thing for foreign gays to do is preventative. Don't look gay — whatever that is, ditch gay literature, have a lawyer in America or at least someone to meet you when you're coming in. Or, on the other hand, maybe everyone should just wear Gay Rights buttons when they come across."

TBP advises that for the time being, gay people should continue to hide their sexual orientation during border crossings. □

National March marches on

HOUSTON — Planning for the National March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights, to be held October 14, was continued by several hundred delegates at a planning conference held in Houston, Texas July 6-8.

The conference, which included representatives from 31 states, 20% of whom were third world gays, has been called "the most racially, sexually and regionally representative grass roots lesbian and gay conference in history." If successful, the march will be the largest gay rally in history. Organizers hope for 250,000 to one million people to converge on Washington the weekend of October 13 and 14. The theme of the march is "End all social, economic, judicial and legislative oppression of lesbians and gay men."

Five demands for the National March were endorsed by Houston delegates:

- Repeal all anti-lesbian/gay laws.
- Pass a comprehensive Lesbian/Gay Rights Bill in Congress.
- Issue a Presidential Executive Order banning discrimination based on sexual orientation or affectional preference in the Federal Government, in the military, in housing, and in federally-contracted private employment.
- Non-discrimination in lesbian mother and gay father child custody cases.
- Protect lesbian and gay youth from any laws which are used to discriminate against, oppress or harass them in their homes, schools and social environments.

The planning conference also adopted resolutions that the National March be

non-violent, that all leadership positions for the march include 50% male-female representation and at least 20% third world representation, that no speakers or entertainers at the march be "offensive to lesbians and third world gays" and that the march be on record as opposing current US immigration laws that bar gays from entering the country.

Delegates approved the opening of an office in Washington DC, and a \$68,000 computerized travel planning centre, with a toll free number in Phoenix, Arizona to disseminate travel information. West Coast organizers are putting together Freedom Trains in four major cities — Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle and Portland — to converge on Chicago before going on to Washington. Twenty-five thousand people are expected to be moved out of California alone. March organizers also hope to tie up cross-continental road travel during the week of October 10-15.

Many US gay organizations, originally reluctant to support the National March, have changed their stand in view of the national grass-roots support it is receiving. The National Gay Task Force has not yet endorsed the march, but, according to Executive Director Charles Brydon, "there is a strong possibility we will." □

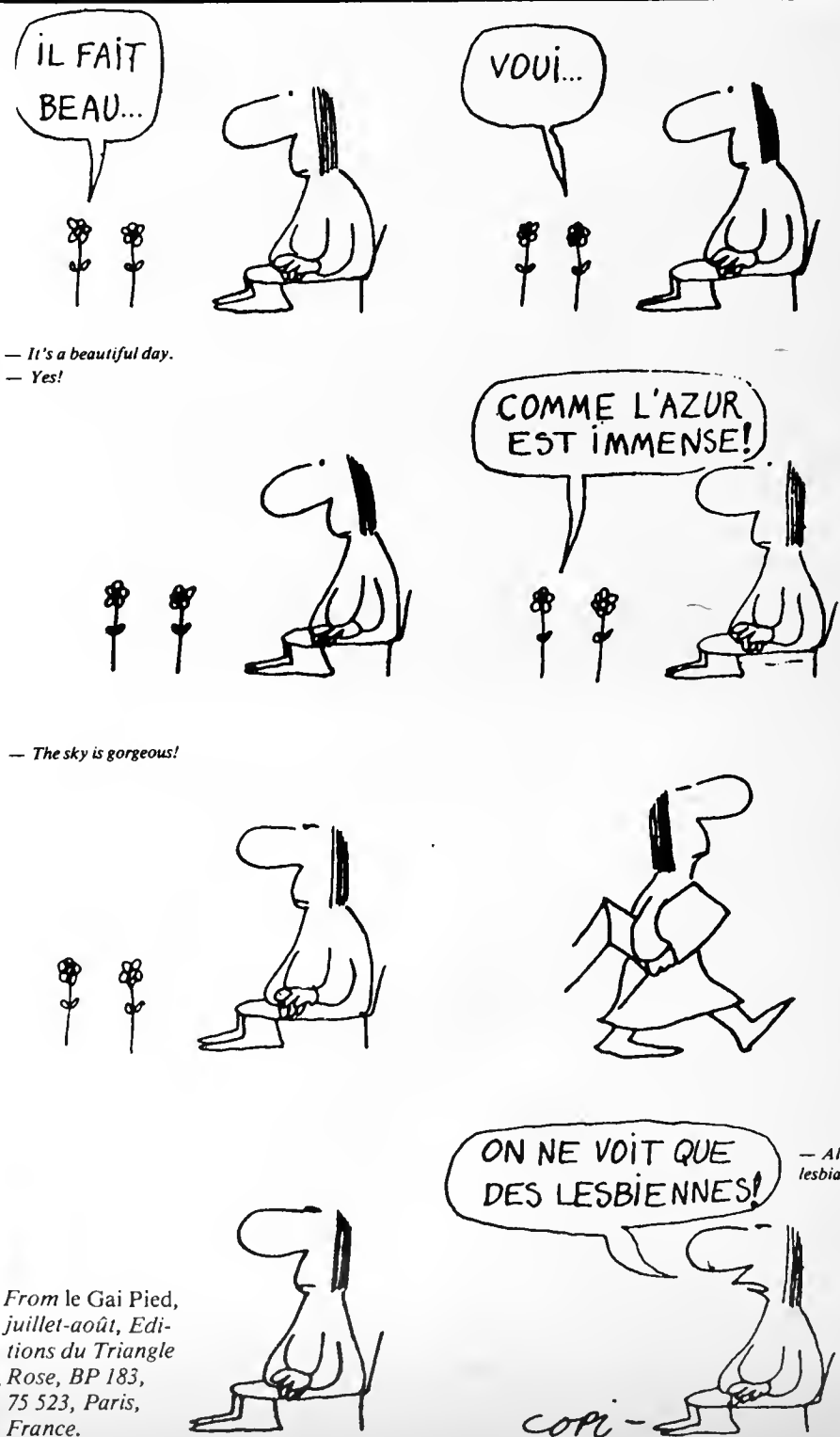
MDs differ on ethics of AID to lesbians

LIVERPOOL — A motion to declare Artificial Insemination by Donor (AID) for lesbians was narrowly defeated at the annual British Medical Association meeting. Had the motion passed, any doctor allowing AID for a lesbian could have been expelled from the profession.

Dr Derek Fletcher, who sponsored the motion, asked "What is going to happen to the gender identity of the child, especially if it is a male and does not have a father figure?" He said homosexual relationships provided a home situation which was "entirely unnatural." Dr Alexander McCara, speaking in support of the motion, said that studies of babies born to lesbians in the US have been "disturbing."

However, Dr John Happle told the Association that homosexual love could be more intense than "ordinary love," and pleaded that doctors be fair to all patients. The chairman of the BMA's ethical committee persuaded the association to reject the motion since its defeat would still not imply actual approval of AID to lesbians.

The motion was narrowly defeated, 162 votes to 148. □



— It's a beautiful day.
— Yes!

— The sky is gorgeous!

— All you ever see is lesbians.

From le Gai Pied, juillet-août, Editions du Triangle Rose, BP 183, 75 523, Paris, France.

Proposal to lower gay sex age fails to give parity with straights

LONDON — The Home Office Policy Advisory Committee on Sexual Offences has recommended that the minimum age for sex between men should be lowered from 21 to 18. The Committee has also recommended that the age of consent for lesbians remain at 16, the same age for heterosexual relations in Britain.

Five women members of the fifteen member committee released a minority report recommending that the age of consent for male homosexuals be lowered to 16.

The Campaign for Homosexual Equality (CHE) denounced the majority recommendation for discriminating against male homosexuals. Said CHE chairperson Robert Palmer: "CHE firmly believes that it is wrong to put obstacles in the way of those people whose natural inclination is to members of the same sex."

Both the Labour Campaign for Gay Rights and the Liberal Party welcomed the recommendation as far as it went, but supported the minority recommendation for age parity between homosexual and heterosexual relations.

The Policy Advisory Committee on Sexual Offences justified their continued discrimination against male homosexuals by saying that although sexual orientation was fixed by age 16, a "vulnerable minority" existed who needed "protection" from homosexuality. A statement from the Committee said, "Most people feel that the natural and proper fulfillment of human sexual-

ity is heterosexuality and to introduce a boy to homosexual practices may in some cases deprive him of the opportunity of a full heterosexual life."

Regarding lesbian sex, however, the Committee stated that "consensual lesbian relations with a woman over 16 have never been prohibited by our law, and, so far as we are aware, no particular social need has ever arisen or arises today for creating new criminal offences to penalize this kind of sexual activity." The committee did not explain the absence of a "vulnerable minority" of young women between the ages of 16 and 18 who needed protection.

CHE has been put in the difficult position of deciding whether to support or oppose the recommendation. Said Chairperson Palmer, "If the age is changed to 18 it means that a reduction to 16 would stand no chance in the foreseeable future. On balance I think we must show our concern for young gay people growing up today and hold out for 16 or nothing."

Meanwhile, Ray Paxton, a bricklayer who entertained CHE delegates as a singer at the CHE annual conference in Sheffield, was sentenced recently to eight years in prison for sexual offences with minors.

No coercion was found to have been involved in Paxton's relations with four minors, aged 16 and 17 — over the age of consent for heterosexual relations. Three of the four juveniles are practicing homosexuals. □

Tories shelve reform in Northern Ireland..

LONDON — Britain's new Tory government has announced that it will not introduce a bill to legalize homosexuality in Northern Ireland. A draft order to bring the Northern Irish law into line with English law, which decriminalized many homosexual acts in the late 1960s, was published by the previous Labour government in July, 1978. Any change now appears to depend on a complaint placed before the European Human Rights Commission by a Belfast man. He is alleging that the complete illegality of homosexuality constitutes a denial of human rights.

Northern Ireland Secretary Humphrey Atkins announced in early July the refusal of the Tory government to legalize homosexuality in Northern Ireland. Said Humphrey, "...it is clear that a substantial body of opinion there — embracing a wide range of religious as well as political opinion — is opposed to the proposed change... We would be prepared to reconsider the matter if there were any developments in the future which were relevant."

The Northern Ireland Gay Rights Association (NIGRA) retorted angrily that "Whimpering about a substantial body of opinion opposed to change completely ignores what homosexuals actually

have to go through from day to day. Blackmail, queerbashing — none of it seems to matter to Atkins."

The Tory government decision is seen as an attempt to appease right-wing extremist politicians such as the Reverend Ian Paisley.

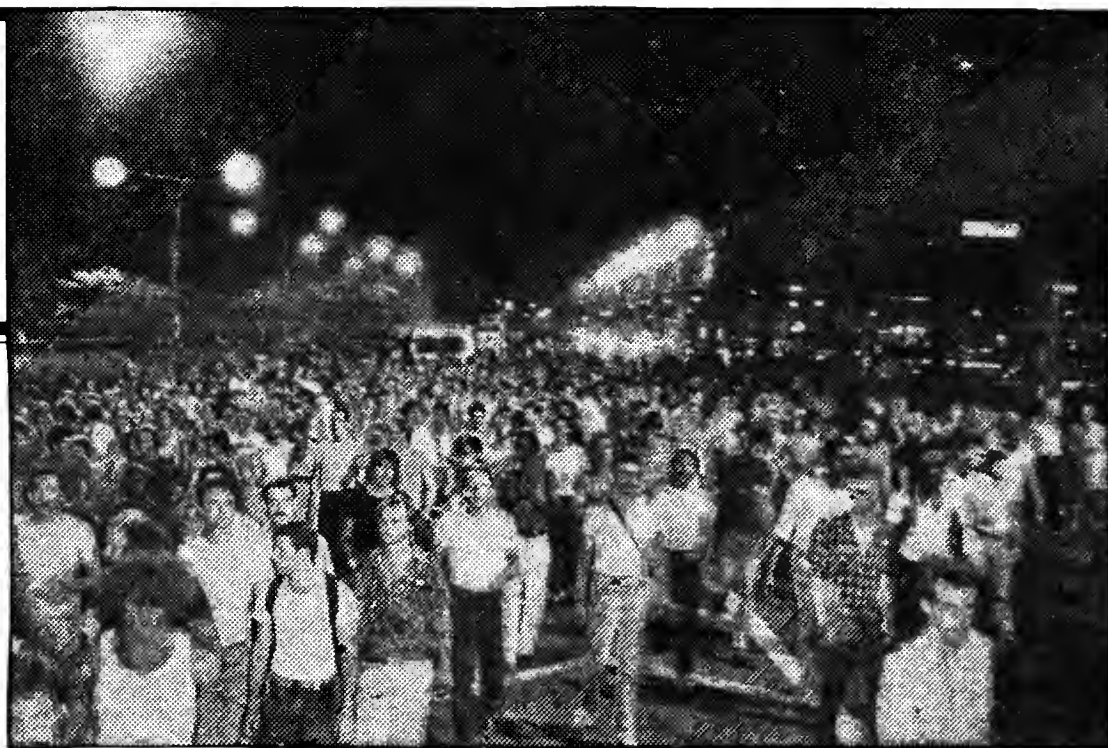
Meanwhile, in Strasbourg, a Belfast man, with the full backing of NIGRA, appeared before the European Human Rights Commission to argue that as a homosexual his human rights are infringed by Northern Ireland's anti-gay laws.

There is a precedent, set in a German case in 1972, in which the Commission declared that complete illegality of homosexuality was unjust and an infringement of human rights. Northern Irish gays are optimistic about the outcome of this case. The commission is expected to release its decision in several months.

If the case succeeds, the British government could be asked to amend its laws insofar as they violate human rights. □

International News Credits

The Blade (Washington); *Bay Area Reporter* (San Francisco); *Gay News* (London); *GPU News* (Milwaukee); *Gay Community News* (Boston); *The Sentinel* (San Francisco).



Stonewall lives: New York gays hit the streets of Greenwich Village to stop a 'snuff' film.

Movie "Cruising" gets a bruising

NEW YORK — Thousands of gays have taken to the streets of Greenwich Village to protest the making of a film which apparently glorifies the murder and mutilation of gay men, and represents them as pathetic creatures who are better off dead.

Demonstrations have resulted in the arrests of a number of protesters, some of whom have said the police roughed them up. The protest has been the most unified display of solidarity in the New York gay community since Anita Bryant's Dade County campaign in 1977.

The \$12-million film, *Cruising*, adapted from the Gerald Walker novel of the same name by writer/director William Friedkin, was to be filmed in New York leather bars. The story involves a detective, played by Al Pacino, on the trail of a sadistic homosexual murderer who tortures and decapitates his pick-ups. The detective realizes his own homosexuality mid-film, and finally catches the killer and stabs him to death. Later, we discover that Pacino's lover has been brutally murdered, and there is the strong suggestion that the detective has caught the sadistic-homosexual-killer syndrome.

Cruising came to public attention after the highly secret script was leaked to Arthur Bell of *The Village Voice*. In his *Voice* column, Bell said the film promised to be "the most oppressive, ugly, bigoted look at homosexuality ever presented on the screen," and called it a "snuff film."

Director Friedkin subsequently denied a National Gay Task Force request to see the script and "make suggestions" about it. Friedkin responded that his film was "an accurate picture, honest and forthright."

In New York, people from a number of gay activist organizations formed an ad hoc committee to educate the public. At a public meeting to plan actions against the filming, gay leaders urged an overflow crowd to commit acts of civil disobedience, and to turn up for demonstrations each day that filming was underway.

During the week of July 23, thousands of demonstrators, chanting "Hey hey! Ho ho! Movie *Cruising*'s got to go!", filled the same streets which saw the Stonewall riots ten years ago. Several times near battles broke out as demonstrators threw bottles and bricks, smashed windows and blocked streets. Fifty additional police were put on duty in the precinct, and a number of demonstrators were arrested. One demonstrator was kicked and beaten by five cops. Said one policeman, "These pansies are trying to act like men." Several policemen were also injured.

The demonstrations have resulted in owners of Greenwich Village gay bars denying Friedkin permission to shoot scenes inside their establishments. Twenty gay extras quit the film, and other gays in the production crew have leaked secret filming locations to demonstrators who show up to blow whistles and walk in front of cameras.

A request by the ad hoc committee that the city government withdraw *Cruising*'s film permit was denied by Mayor Koch. Koch cited the First Amendment and said he would not be a party to censorship.

The filming of *Cruising* has continued, but with substantially increased production costs resulting from protracted filming sessions, and the building of extra sets to simulate gay leather bars. □

Iran Minister shakes his booty

TEHRAN — The Justice Minister in the government of the Ayatollah Khomeini, Asdollah Mobasheri, has accused a New Zealand gay rights organization of issuing a death threat against him. The New Zealand ambassador, who was apparently negotiating a sale of NZ sheep, apologized — before having seen the letter sent to the minister by the National Gay Rights Coalition.

The letter, which was subsequently published, protested the execution of 26

homosexuals by the Ayatollah's revolutionary government, and hoped that Iran would "maintain its revolution without restricting individual freedom and human rights...in its just fight for national self-determination and independence." The letter was signed by New Zealand's gay rights coordinator, Robin Duff of Christchurch.

NZ's Minister for Foreign Affairs later admitted that the letter "certainly contains no threats."

Reports that Iran's Justice Minister has gone into hiding are unconfirmed. The fate of the sheep has not been determined. □



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October 20, 1929, the British Lord Chancellor
declared Canadian women eligible for the Senate.

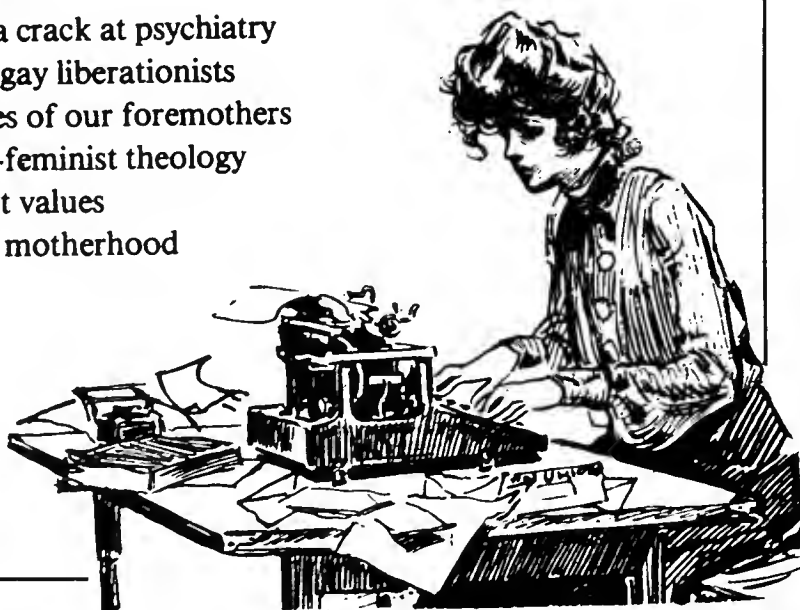
A 13 - year battle to win legal recognition
of women as "persons" had ended.

Find out just how far we've come
as women, as lesbians — in 50 years.

The Body Politic Commemorates with a special October feminist issue

Including:

- taking a crack at psychiatry
- lesbian gay liberationists
- struggles of our foremothers
- lesbian-feminist theology
- feminist values
- lesbian motherhood



Everywoman

by Mariana Valverde

Confessions of a lesbian ex-masochist

In the lobby of Knox College, the Presbyterian hang-out at the University of Toronto, there is a larger than life-size white marble statue of a bare-breasted, long-haired woman tied to a stake with a heavy rope. A plaque on a nearby stark stone wall tells the curious visitor that she is Margaret of Somewhere and that she is portrayed about to be drowned in the icy seas off Scotland, a martyr for her faith.

When I set eyes on this unlikely decoration, I happened to be with a gay male friend and, although he is by no means of the S&M persuasion, being with him undoubtedly prompted my initial response to the statue, which was to think, "Such quaint S&M! These Christians have us beat every time." But I didn't say that, because as soon as I had formed the thought in my mind my mental closets burst open and whole menageries of Christian S&M images from my childhood invaded my imagination, taking my usually vigilant lesbian-feminist consciousness by surprise. There were innocent young virgins being whipped by domineering males. There were saintly early Christian women who gladly suffered death rather than lose their faith and/or their virginity, whom I greatly admired even though the actual mechanics of losing either quality were rather unclear to my six-year-old mind. There was the gay male patron saint, St Sebastian, whose strong handsome body was eternally being pierced by arrows (I was fascinated by the little drops of blood that dripped off his knees in a statue that I used to stare at during boring sermons), and there was the courageous Catherine, whose wicked father tore her lovely body to shreds with a wheel of knives. That particular torture was somehow very appealing, and I remember experiencing a small sigh of relief when, many years later, I finally saw a clear portrayal of the martyrdom which revealed the mechanics of the operation.

As a properly brought up girl in Catholic Spain, I eagerly lapped up all the blood-and-faith stories that the priests and nuns in our schools could come up with, and often had discussions with cousins and friends about the relative merits of different tortures. No one ever pointed out to me the dangers of identifying too closely with that sort of image of femaleness — neither Freud nor feminism were exactly in vogue in Franco's Spain. And alone in my bed, I constructed scripts and sets for movies starring me as The Saint, without ever connecting those images with the first stirrings of my sexual feelings. Whips, chains, slavery — it was all there, and I am sure that all the "indecent" pleasures of gay men's "dungeons" are but a pale copy of the vast array of masochistic fantasies that my pious, innocent mind was constantly producing.

In real life, I was anything but submissive. I did all my homework and was generally considered a "good" girl, but it would never have occurred to me to let any actual person have complete power, sexual or otherwise, over me. And as the undefined and uneasy eroticism grew into full-fledged sexuality, the masochistic technicolor dreams faded into oblivion,

replaced by physically powerful but not particularly imaginative sexual fantasies, and, at last, by real sexual intercourse.

The tacky Catholicism went the way of frilly dresses, while contact with people who had actually been tortured (by Franco's thugs or by Latin American fascists) took all the pleasantness out of submissive suffering. Finally, my political development made me aware of the subtle ways in which women glorify and submit to the male power that oppresses us, and, especially after I came out as a lesbian, I acquired a healthy disgust for all images of sex that humiliate one of the partners.

And yet, the statue of a woman, naked from the waist up and tied with a rope, can cause a slight ripple of politically incorrect pleasure to disturb the surface of my egalitarianism. It seems strange. I do not enjoy being submissive in any way, and my body knows very well that sex is at its best with those who treat me



as an equal. No, I could never again get pleasure from identifying with a slave or a martyr, not to mention a virgin. And yet, and yet....

Deep down somewhere, far beneath the very correct lesbian feminist that my friends know, there is a very young, very "femme" girl who just wants to get fucked, in any and every way. I could analyze her politically or dissect her psychologically until she has been reduced to little mounds of ink on the pages of some treatise. But on the other hand, I could try talking with her. □

Baiting Big Brothers

Some time ago, while walking from my typical experimental high school in Toronto, I stumbled upon a rather shocking display: at the corner of Avenue Road and Bloor Street, near the Royal Ontario Museum, a big, fat, silver Mercedes-Benz sat shimmering in the sunlight. Behind it stood a display board with the heading "To some kids, all the word 'Dad' means is a type of cookie." Big Brothers of Metropolitan Toronto was raffling off the perfect car for the perfect big brother.

I couldn't help myself.

A young man approached me as I knelt reading the display. He was dressed in sharp polyester coordinates, a Cardin shirt, and the trendy haircut and moustache that three years ago only fag-gots wore.

"Hi!" he said all too congenially.

"You interested in the car, or Big Brother?"

"Well I'm certainly not interested in the car," I answered disdainfully, without looking up. Then, suppressing a grin and prefaced with a sigh: "And I don't support Big Brothers because of its reactionary, heterosexist policy."

I could *feel* him blanch. I looked up. "You know what I'm referring to, don't you? You know that your organization discriminates against gay people?"

"Oh, well yeah..."

"Oh, well yeah?"

He smiled condescendingly. "Well, you know... society just hasn't accepted *that* yet."

I feigned surprise.

"I'm surprised that an organization as well-meaning and altruistic as Big Brother would pay attention to such things as social prejudice."

The smile again — this time a little more embarrassed.

I leaned back on the glistening hood of the silver automobile. "And another thing: do you have a sister organization?"

"Oh yes, there is a Big Sisters. It works within the church."

"The church, eh? Aren't there enough non-religious, motherless young women who could benefit from a secular organization?"

"I suppose so."

"Yet Big Brothers is not a part of the church, and Big Sisters is?"

Pondering this a minute, I began to stroke the side-view mirror. Mr Casual adjusted his tie.

"I guess motherless, Buddhist lesbians are out of luck then, eh?"

"Guess so."

This guy, I thought, doesn't know what hit him. Maybe he's never seen a "real homosexual" before. Especially one so young. But then maybe he's got a little brother (a real one at home, I mean) who's gay. Maybe *he's* gay; he's kind of cute. Does he know what he's doing? Oh, he's probably harmless enough....

I drew myself up again. "It seems to me there are many contradictions intrinsic to your organization."

He drew in his breath. "Well, I don't think so, really, I mean, we have to protect our kids, eh? Like you know, there's

always that small chance of molestation...."

(Oh Christ, here we go again: Gay Liberation Lecture Number One.)

"What makes you think that chances would be any smaller if you had an organization providing surrogate daddies for little girls?"

He shrugged.

"Besides," I continued, "it seems to me that a gay man who is out of the closet is less likely to have reason to exploit anyone than say any of the gay men who are in Big Brothers now."

There was a moment of ear-shattering silence.

"What?"

"Well, surely you know of gay men at Big Brothers."

"We have a very elaborate screening process."

"Perhaps. But we can have very elaborate screens."

"Well look at it from our point of view for a minute, fellah. I mean, would it be in the company's best interests right now, just after that whole *Body Politic* thing, if we publicly accepted homosexuals into our organization?"

"In the best interests of the *company*? Is *that* who you are really serving? What about all the little gay boys who are sent to you for help? Any schmuck can create confusion and misery in one of their lives by laughing at a fairy in the street while in his company. You don't need a real daddy for that."

"Well how many young homosexuals can there be anyway?"

"You're looking at one."

"Yes, one."

"One out of every ten people is exclusively homosexual. That adds up."

"I wasn't aware of those statistics."

"Well I was."

"I'm sure." He was beginning to really hate me. I was beginning to regret it.

"So you see, I don't understand how you could work for an organization which totally ignores the needs of ten percent of its clientele."

"Well I guess I just have my own opinions as to what is normal" — I stopped stroking the car's mirror — "or...better."

"Well you're really full of shit."

A rather pregnant pause.

"Oh."

There are more than several gay men who are part of the Big Brothers organization. But as long as these men are unable to be openly gay among those with whom they share such important parts of their lives, and as long as Big Sisters remains a non-secular organization, the Big Butch Brothers of Metro Toronto remains a detriment to our liberation and also that of others.

Walking away from the ROM and looking back, I placed myself, five years younger, in the front seat of that great silver penis-on-wheels, licking a fudge ripple ice cream cone and gazing happily at Mr Casual who is next to me, driving. As we sail off together into the sunset, he warns me not to get ice cream on the upholstery.

Remember, Big Brother is watching you. □

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BetweenTheLines

by Ken Popert

The sounds of violence

This month, two quite different views of gay life in Vancouver.

First, let's hear from Geoff Mains, former co-chairperson of Vancouver's Society for Education, Action, Research and Counselling on Homosexuality (SEARCH), writing in the June-July issue of *SEARCH News*:

"...on a recent trip to Toronto and Montreal, I was surprised to find how very much ahead we (*in Vancouver — K P*) really are.

"Toronto itself is in a siege mentality. With the smear tactics of the Jaques case, the Body Politic trial, the raid on the Barracks and recently the surveillance of private homes (one of which has been declared a common bawdy house), people are divided and afraid...Here in Vancouver perhaps we have been more fortunate."

"We have established a presence at City Hall. We have been heard, and are beginning to have a quiet and successful impact."

A remarkable testament, that. Apparently, unlike Montreal and Toronto gays, who face increasing violence and rampaging cops, Vancouver gays are immune to such problems. And why? Why, because they have "established a presence" in the city bureaucracy, they "have been heard," they are having "a quiet impact."

This "presence" is partially, I guess, a reference to a liaison committee which includes a police staff sergeant, a city councillor and a gay club owner. Set up, it seems, by SEARCH. (I was unable to reach Lennie Lifchus, SEARCH co-chairperson, to confirm this.)

To be fair to Geoff Mains, he did allow in his article that gays lack civil rights and recreational facilities in Vancouver. But whatever reservations he may entertain personally about this gay-chamber-of-commerce line (I heard many times that SEARCH is a creature of the club owners), others seem to accept and promote it with a fervour usually found only in Christian evangelical circles.

Take the Unity Week Committee, for example. July 27 to August 6 was gay unity week in Vancouver. (You wouldn't think that gay unity week organizers would find it advisable, in a place where gay life is just a lark, to omit all mention of gays from the committee's name and the front cover of its published programme, but let that pass, shall we?)

So, what were the unifying concerns evident in this year's gay unity week — oops! I mean, Unity Week — programme? To what did its theme, "Let's Get Together," refer? Well, a quick look inside the programme tells all: A fashion show. A picnic. A church service. A baseball game. A "Fifties" show. A Mr Cowboy contest.

Credit is due to the Society for Political Action for Gay People for staging a political forum as part of gay unity — Ahem! — Unity Week, but the programme, while mentioning a location for the forum, failed to specify a time. An indication, perhaps, of its importance to the committee. (I was unable to reach Lennie Lifchus, Unity Week Committee chairperson, to confirm this.)

So there it is: an influential circle, as-

sociated with club owners, views gays in Vancouver as better off than just about anywhere else, and it's because they've got this inside track, you see, with the police and city council.

But there's another point of view, one which isn't so rosy.

On the first day of my vacation in Vancouver's West End, the gay residential ghetto, a 100-kg human blob landed his shoulder squarely in the middle of my chest as we passed each other on Davie Street. Apparently my lover and I were taking up too much room on the two-metre-wide sidewalk.

And every night, when I ventured out after dark, I could hear the sounds of violence, always just a few streets away: insults being shouted ("Faggot!", "Nigger!"), glass shattering, things being overturned.

I saw fear in the faces of gay men on the street at any time of day: fear of acknowledgment, fear of recognition. I stopped an unmistakably gay man on the street one afternoon to ask directions to the city's gay spots. He responded: "What makes you think I'm gay?" But once trust was established, he gave me the information I needed.

And I saw the signs all up and down the main gay thoroughfares of Robson and Denman streets: STOP VIOLENCE AGAINST GAYS. These signs were posters for a public meeting sponsored by the Gay Alliance Toward Equality to protest the growth of violence against gay men and lesbians.

Three hundred people were concerned enough, scared enough, to attend that meeting. Nervously, bravely, women and men stepped up to the microphone, in front of the press and television cameras, to relate incident after incident of animal brutality: a lesbian lured by a woman into an attack by two men, two gays attacked by 14 men, a broken arm, a shattered face, a gouged eye. It went on.

And the cops do nothing to track down the assailants. I heard about a man who staggered into a police station after being assaulted. "So what?" responded the night-desk officer. "Don't waste my time!" Others told stories of beatings in which the cops themselves were the attackers. So much for the "quiet impact" Vancouver gays are having on the cops with their liaison committee.

By the way, no representatives of the Unity Week Committee addressed this meeting. But then, it was the same night as the Mr Cowboy Contest, "featuring an enticing selection of contestants whose masculinity bulges in every available spot."

Violence, and police complicity in it, is an old story to gays in Toronto and Montreal. And that is my point. Gay life in Vancouver is no different from gay life in either of those cities, which means, in relation to the powers that be, it is getting worse.

Leaders who prefer to ignore this fact are dangerous. There's plenty of sand in Vancouver. Fortunately, if the July 31 anti-violence meeting is any indication, not all of Vancouver's gays want to bury their heads in it. □

A feminist who uses sex appeal on stage,
a star in a movement with no use for stars, a revolutionary
in an industry that mollifies the masses. All this, and funny, too?
You bet your dyke boots.

ROBIN TYLER

COMIC IN CONTRADICTION

A profile by Val Edwards

The late August sun has disappeared behind a low ridge; the skies are just beginning to cloud over. Six thousand lesbians from across North America nestle in a nook between three hills that form a natural concert bowl. On stage Robin Tyler, dressed in a black tuxedo, is making her debut at the Michigan Women's Music Festival.

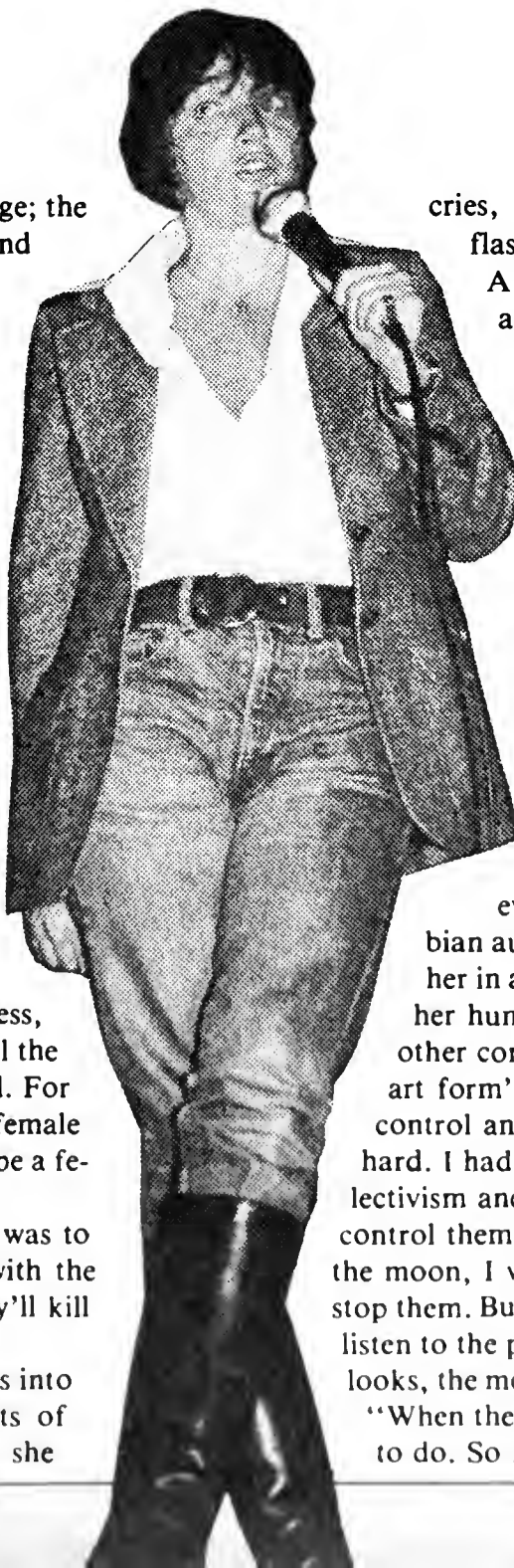
"Of course you may have noticed I'm wearing a tuxedo," says Tyler. "On Liza Minnelli it's called cute; on me it's called drag."

"I went to my first drag ball in New York City in 1960. There were 500 men dressed up as women — crinolines, everything. The police raided that drag ball. I went up to one cop and said, 'Excuse me. Why are you arresting these gentlemen?' He said, 'You don't fool me, you're one of them!' So he threw me into handcuffs — which is how I got into bondage — throws me into the paddy wagon and takes me to jail for female impersonation. They allowed me one phone call. Did I call my mother? Are you kidding? Did I call my lawyer? No. I called the *New York Post*! And the next day the headline read 'Forty-four men and one woman arrested for female impersonation.'

"So of course I was trying to break into show business, and I decided if I could fool the police maybe I could fool the public. So I went down to Club 82 and did Judy Garland. For one year I was Stacey Morgan, one of the most famous female impersonators in the United States. And why shouldn't I be a female impersonator? Phyllis Schlafley is.

"Phyllis Schlafley is to women what the Hindenberg was to flying. But don't get me wrong — I happen to agree with the right-to-lifers. 'Cause if you don't agree with them, they'll kill you!"

We are on our feet, cheering. Encouraged, she launches into a humorous, yet impassioned, declaration of the rights of women and gays. Booming to be heard above our roars, she



cries, "We are everywhere! We are everywhere!" Lightning flashes in the sky behind her — it will continue till dawn. A tornado touches down two miles away. Rain sweeps in and lifts our tents off their moorings.

The local old-timers call it the worst storm in living memory: the gods are not amused.

Robin Tyler's terrestrial audiences are generally heterosexual. They may be no less outraged by her act than their heavenly counterparts, but they *are* amused. Robin has been booked for two television shows this fall and has just released an album, *Always a Bridesmaid, Never a Groom*. She is one of only a handful of women stand-up comics making it in a medium where male comics still rely on tits-and-ass jokes for their biggest laughs.

Working out of the Comedy Store in Los Angeles, Tyler has now largely abandoned the "sexist nightclub circuit" in favour of college tours. Her performance at the Michigan Women's Music Festival, however, was something of a first. Performing before a lesbian audience both as a comic and as master of ceremonies put her in an unusual position; she admits that it is the substance of her humour, rather than her style, that distinguishes her from other comics. Stand-up comedy is, as Tyler puts it, "a precision art form" that depends almost entirely on the comic's ability to control an audience. "In Michigan, I was an MC and it was very hard. I had to maintain control of an audience that believed in collectivism and that was determined nobody on earth is ever going to control them again. And when there were 6,000 women shouting at the moon, I wanted to run off stage. I was scared. I didn't want to stop them. But because I'm disciplined and I'm a performer, I have to listen to the producers. Art has to be disciplined. The more natural it looks, the more disciplined you are.

"When they sent me out to keep everyone quiet I had no idea what to do. So I asked people their signs. I knew if I asked who was...

"I was speaking to gay millionaires. 'We're tired of carrying you on our backs,' I said. 'If you won't come out, you're gonna start writing cheques in the closet. We'll give you flashlights and pens. You just write the cheques.'"

who was Aires, eleven-twelfths of the audience would be quiet."

It is a testimonial to Tyler's skill as a comic that she receives standing ovations from lesbian audiences on their guard against an entertainer's manipulation. It is also a study in contradiction. Robin Tyler is a feminist who consciously uses her sex appeal on stage; a star in a lesbian movement that refuses to acknowledge stars; a revolutionary in an entertainment industry that mollifies the masses; a performer who, through commanding her audiences, urges us to toss off the command of others. The contradiction lies in the *exotic* dissonance of message and medium.

Stand-up comedy is not only a precision art form, it is a craft unto itself. Tyler is quick to point out the distinction between a comic and a comedian.

"Comedians are people who say things funny, who hide behind the characters they create — women like Lucille Ball, Carol Burnett and Lily Tomlin. Comics say funny things. I am my own instrument, and consequently I rely on my own energy."

On stage, stand-up comics are naked.

No other performer is so at the mercy of the audience. If a comic's act bombs, it's because he (or rarely, she) is a bomb; bad comics are despised as *persons*. Because the stakes are so high, the comic's relationship to an audience is an extraordinary power struggle. The conflict is usually subtle — the great comics manipulate us without our knowing it. At times, however, the battle is overt: some comics' best lines are devastating put-down of hecklers. Regardless of how the campaign is waged, final victory comes when the comic has wrested, or the audience has relinquished, control.

"Then," says Tyler, "we can lead an audience in and out of where we want them to go. Laughter becomes involuntary. If I want to, I can get the most radical people to laugh at a racist joke because they'll be off their guard."

Robin Tyler is a superb stand-up comic. She skillfully combines timing aggressiveness, and vulnerability to get an audience laughing with her. All good comics rely on some combination of the above. Bob Hope, whom Tyler admires for his discipline on stage, consistently allows a four second gap before deliver-

ring his punch line. Johnny Carson on the other hand "is not great on timing. What makes him acceptable to middle America is that he's vulnerable. You must appear vulnerable on stage."

All comics are self-deprecating to greater or lesser degrees, setting themselves up as the objects of their humour. In making herself appear vulnerable, Tyler generally bypasses self-deprecation. Robin's humour is rooted in her own experiences — she is more akin to Lenny Bruce than Bob Hope or George Burns. Lenny Bruce was the first comic who dared to get up there and be emotional, to tell his truth and his pain. He didn't do mother-in-law jokes.

"Humour comes from pain. It takes maybe ten years to be a strong, seasoned comic. I've been out as a lesbian for twenty years, but at first I didn't know how to make my past funny, I didn't know how to make my anger funny. Then I started to perform solo in a small club in Los Angeles. I just got on and started talking about my past and coming out and found that years later, I was able to deal with the pain of it through humour — like when I talk

about falling in love, or having my mother send me a letter 'To whom it may concern.' It took years to make that pain funny."

Tyler's appearance and personality do not lend themselves to self-abasement. She possesses a omnipotent stage presence and is altogether irresistible — a remarkable alloy of belligerence and sensuousness tempered by a humour wrought in pain. She also has an uncanny ability to read the mood of her audience. "A singer stops when the song stops, and the audience applauds. I've got to know when to end. I have to know when the mood is dropping and the moment is over." Misreading an audience is a costly mistake; it destroys the dynamic so carefully constructed and forces the comic to scramble to re-establish it.

Robin Tyler has now always been a comic. She started her career twenty years ago as a singer and dancer in New York City, like many other comics who had to survive somehow before they could make it in comedy. For women, breaking into comedy was hard enough; for a feminist, the difficulties were compounded by the expectations of nightclub audiences.

"I worked in Miami Beach and formed a comedy team with Pat Harrison. And we were Harrison and Tyler. But we called ourselves Rachel and Robin Tyler because we had to be a sister act."

Sexist jokes were the mainstay of the profession, and women comics were expected to make themselves, as women, the brunt of their own jokes — witness Phyllis Diller. "But we wouldn't be self-deprecating," says Robin, "and at first we weren't funny. Then all of a sudden feminism came along. In essence what we did then is now called the new women's humour, a humour which finally gave women the opportunity to make not themselves the brunt of the jokes, but rather the society that was oppressing them."

Tyler hates to be compared to women who indulge in the old-style humour — comics like Joan Rivers. "She didn't have our support system. We can't blame those women." Robin acknowledges the debt she owes to the women's and gay liberation movements. "You must remember that comedy reflects the political state of the times. In the 1940s the focus was on anti-Semitism and a lot of Jewish comics came up. In the 1960s we had the third world problems, and we began to get other minority comics like Richard Pryor and Freddy Prinze."

"The greatest humour has sometimes come out of oppression. The most oppressed groups have had to use humour as a pressure valve. Laughter illuminates the trouble." But to Robin Tyler, comedy is more than a means of relieving political tensions. "It's a powerful political tool. We have to take the weapons they traditionally used against us, turn them around and aim back."

"I am aggressive. We always talk about our right to be assertive. Assertion is taking your own power, aggression is taking your power over others. I'm going to take power from the people who took power from me. A comic must

Providing humour with a sense of feminism

Always a Bridesmaid, Never a Groom by Robin Tyler. Olivia Records, 1979.

She has been arrested for female impersonation. She has shocked the public with a nude radio performance. She has conned her way into a USO tour of Vietnam with an anti-war act. She is Robin Tyler, and she is a lesbian, a feminist, a gay activist, and an extremely entertaining comic with a unique and enchanting style. Punctuated with one liners and traditional stand-up jokes, Tyler's stories of her escapades form the fabric of her humour — humour which she uses to deliver her feminist message (despite, she claims, admonitions of "go to Western Union").

Tyler's act (which she recently performed at the binational lesbian conference in Toronto, and which can be heard on Olivia Record's "Always a Bridesmaid, Never a Groom") covers a considerable range of topics.

Many of her stories deal with growing up and coming out. We are introduced to her gay male friend, Terry, who first taught her — twenty years ago — about gay pride. She tells us how, as they walked down the street together one day, a man confronted Terry saying, "I know what you are. You're one of them homosexuals...they should take all you homosexuals and put you on an island some place." "They did," Terry replied, "and they called it Manhattan." Lesbians particularly enjoy it when they recognize themselves, both as they once were ("I knew I was different when I was growing up...and that whatever I was...I was the only one in the whole world.") and as they are now ("There are no leaders in our movement...only shit workers in charge of shit workers.")

Another facet of her humour lies in her analysis of what used to be called "the establishment." Here she finds many natural targets, including the ob-

vious: Anita Bryant (who "is to Christianity what paint-by-numbers is to art") and "macho" men ("What are they playing with down there? Why don't they adjust it before they go out?"). It is on this ground that Tyler's style is the most aggressive and raunchy — and the most likely to offend any conservatives in the audience.

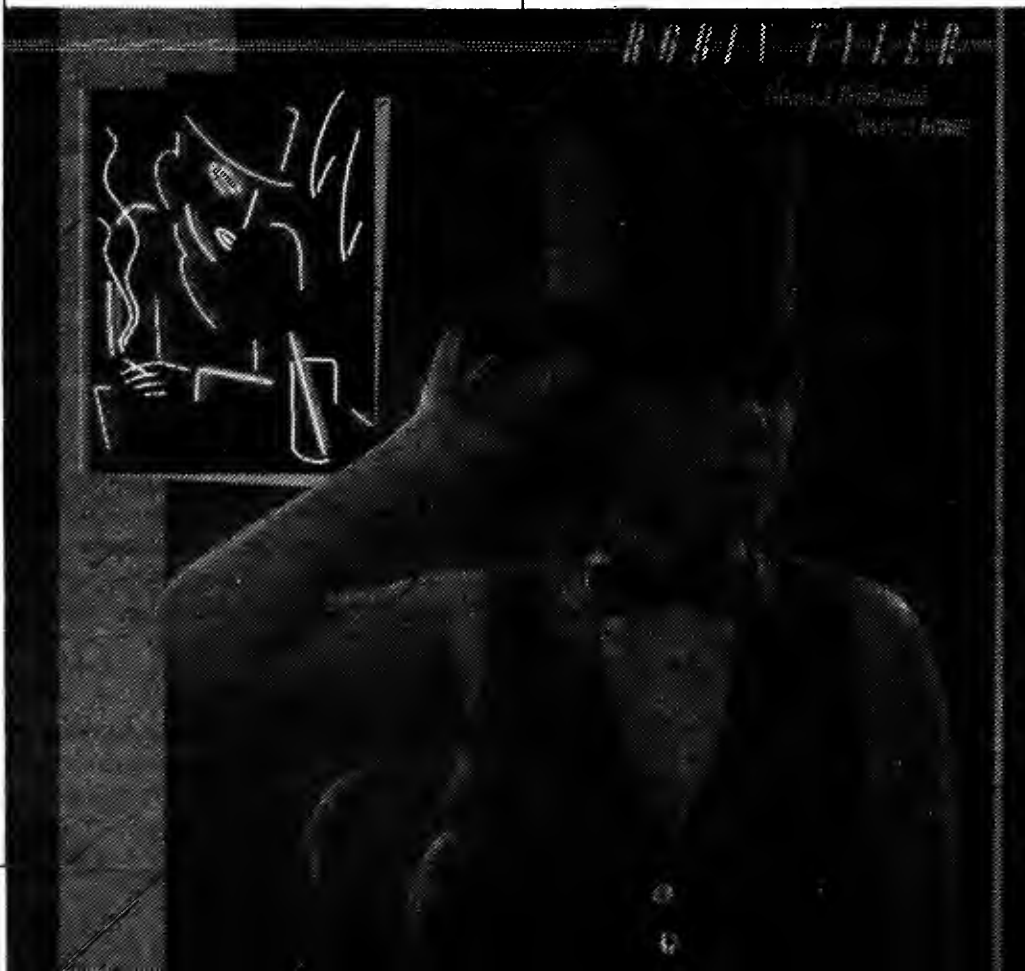
She is particularly adept at illustrating absurdity by analogy. In making the point, for example, that the advertising world does not take feminism seriously as a civil rights issue, she asks us to imagine the following commercial: "You've come a long way, Negro, to get where you've got today. You've got your own hairspray, now, Negro. You've come a long, long way."

In person, Tyler is charming, funny,

and sometimes even inspiring. Unfortunately, some of her effect depends on a charisma that does not come through as well on recording as it does live. There is no doubt that "Always a Bridesmaid..." is funny, but it sounds preachy in places. Statements such as "Women don't have breakdowns, they have breakthroughs" or "Jack fell down and Jill completed the job effectively and efficiently" draw cheers from her live audience but sound hackneyed and contrived to a record listener.

These moments of preachiness, however, are far outweighed by the contributions Tyler's comedy makes to the world: she has provided feminism with a sense of humour, and humour with a sense of feminism.

Debbie Bodinger □



be aggressive with an audience. It's not assertive, it's not sharing. Social satirists and people who deal with political analysis have to be very strong. They're not just getting up there and doing self-deprecating jokes.

"I know that people who have not been exposed to my kind of humour and my kind of presence might feel uncomfortable. I think we mustn't be afraid of our own power. If my aggression is threatening to some women — only some — then I feel I don't have to deal with my aggression, they have to deal with their lack of it."

Recently, Robin Tyler has taken her comedy out of the nightclubs and into the streets. She made regular appearances at gay rallies in California when the Briggs amendment reared its ugly head, becoming the first gay entertainer to actively rabble-rouse for gay rights. "In Hollywood, you can be gay but you can't be political. They can know you're gay, and make references to it, but you can't go out and say it to the people. I'm the first one to come out and do it. But I'm still getting booked. I don't know why it's happening."

Robin views her role in the movement as a spokesperson rather than as a leader. "You can't lead people. You can only show people, and hope they'll be inspired to take back, to kick ass back. Kicking ass, as Flo Kennedy says, is the highest thing. They're using machine guns against us, so we can't use pop guns."

No one entirely escapes Tyler's barrage, although she takes particular delight in spearing male chauvinists. She has a few deliciously vicious cock-and-balls jokes. "And why not? We've been listening to the tits-and-ass jokes for fifty years! Now let's see who doesn't have a sense of humour!" She also does an outrageous take-off on sexist television commercials, and of course Anita Bryant and Phylis Schlafley get their comeuppance.

But some of Tyler's lines hit closer to home: "I always believed monogamy was a kind of dark wood you polish. I don't know if coupleness is for me. Why does having sex with someone give them the automatic right to persecute you?" She kicks off her album with an hilarious cut entitled "Politically Correct Introduction." Tyler has little use for ideological rigidity, a phenomenon she attributes to a lack of political sophistication. "I remember when we all first came out everybody had to wear work-shirts and bluejeans and nobody could shave under their arms or they weren't a radical lesbian feminist. People who are rigid have no right to define themselves as revolutionary. Because what we are really fighting for is freedom of choice."

She isn't afraid to be blunt. She had this to say, for instance about *The Body Politic's* controversial article "Men Loving Boys Loving Men": "Inopportune, tacky, poorly researched and written, too graphic. Pedophilia is not our issue. Children are in a one-down socioeconomic position. Seducing them is simply not right." Tyler tells it as she sees it. "If I've offended any of you," she says at the end of her album, "you needed it."



Her directness isn't surprising in a lesbian who was bold enough to come out more than 20 years ago in Winnipeg, where she grew up. "I remember standing on the corner of Portage and Main when I was about 16 with a sign saying 'Gay is Good' and people thought I meant happy and gave me money. We were actually out on the streets, but there were only a couple of us, and we were ostracized by other homosexuals who thought we were making it hard for them to stay in the closet. One of my most valuable lines is 'When a heterosexual shows us a picture of his family, it's called sharing. When we show them a picture of our lover, it's called flaunting. Isn't it time we shared?'"

I don't tell people they have to come out, but the least they can do is work for the community. They can lick stamps or send letters. I was speaking to the Community Guild of Los Angeles, to gay millionaires. I said 'We're tired of carrying you on our back. You're millionaires. If you won't come out, you're gonna start writing cheques in the closet. We'll give you flashlights and pens and just write the cheques.' They have to give something — time, money, something — to our movement."

Robin has a keen sense of her own roots in the movement, roots that date back to the bars of the Fifties and

Sixties. The older dykes of years ago had to take roles. They were our forerunners, women who had to survive in a world of such pain. There was no movement. Today lesbian feminists can afford to come out with a support system. Then there were only the bars. They are our elders, and they're being disrespected.

"I call myself a born-again butch. Which means I still have the choreography but I don't do the dance. That's why I wear tuxedo and leather jackets on stage. These women are coming to see me, and through my humour I hope to make it okay to be a butch."

Her tuxedos do more than make butch women feel welcome. They help Robin establish a visual image in keeping with her aggressive delivery, though she usually dresses "collegiate" for straight audiences. She makes no other efforts to adapt her act to the audience ("an audience knows when you're talking down or kissing up"), but does admit to "flirting a little more" with a lesbian crowd. "Since Michigan, I've gotten more comfortable with projecting my sexuality on stage. Before that I went through a stage in my feminism where I tried to appear asexual. But I am sexual; it's a part of me, it's valid. I don't think it contradicts my feminism."

Like many activists, Robin Tyler is

striving to integrate her career, her feminism and her gay politics. This is no small task for a stand-up comic; even in her satire, contradictions will invariably show through the performance, giving us a glimpse of Tyler unmasked. Are the contradictions irreconcilable? Probably. A good lesbian-feminist does not manipulate people; a good comic must. Does it matter? Only to a purist.

Robin Tyler is making an important contribution to the feminist and gay rights movements, and in the process is giving us a much-needed break from our own endeavours, from work that can get too heavy. It's good to laugh.

Let the purists be damned. []

Material for this article was compiled from interviews at the Binational Lesbian Conference in Toronto and at the Champaign, Illinois, Women's Music Festival, and from Robin Tyler's comedy workshop at Champaign.

Val Edwards is an effervescent lesbian activist and a second-year law student at the University of Toronto.

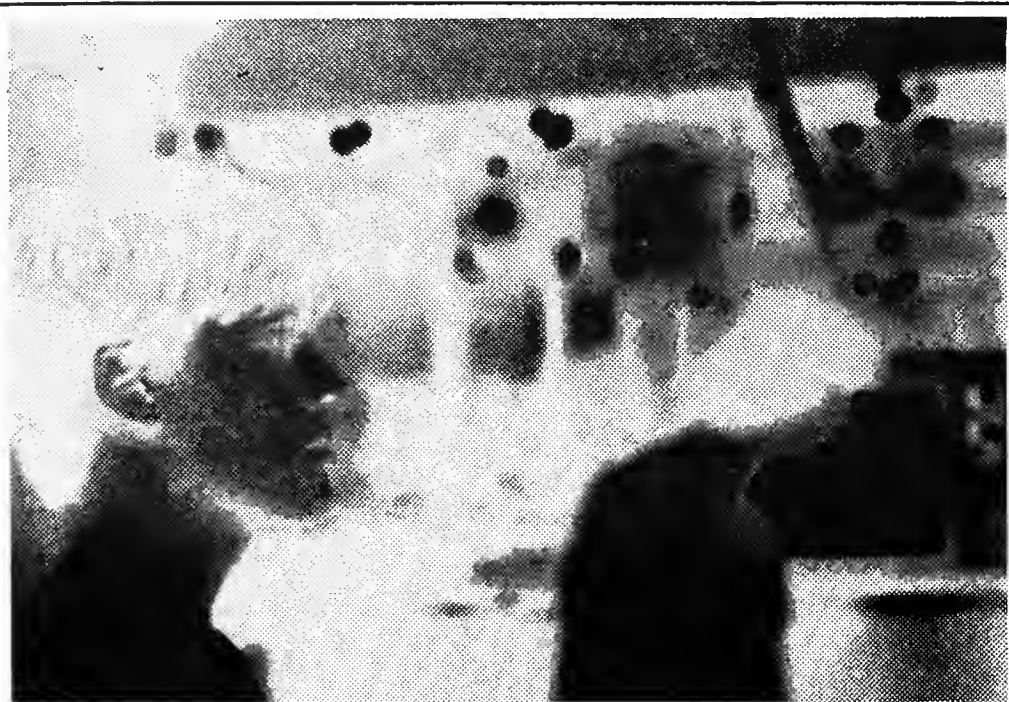
Debbie Bodinger studies psychology and is a member of TBP's "Our Image" working group.

① GUIDO RAMIREZ IN THE VENAL, V. 4, #6, Nov. 1976, p. 15. (TRANS.)

2.

Boy Once moved carefully, while the paces of Boy Twice were erratic. Both traced lines of ninety degrees that corresponded with and were oblivious to each other. If this labyrinth segment had extended into the audience it would have become trite. By remaining, they created a separation, very necessary in these wanton days of audience participation. The monitor sang a song in Esperanto, one that began similar to a hymn. A rather repitious dirge that became stranger and stranger as one realized that the background soundtrack was playing something entirely different, while the screen showed rows of rice slowly falling apart.

see next page



Boy Once and Boy Twice explore the corners of the Closet

Photo: Jerry Redside

3-D BOXBOYS FIND LARGER DIMENSION

A review by Richard Mirrabeck

Let's get one thing clear from the start: the Boxboys have enough talent between them to defrost both Arctics and then stop the resulting tidal wave dead in its tracks. They can sing, dance, act, clown, move, speak, and stun better than the combined forces of the entire Broadway circuit. They exude more charisma than Hollywood in a good year. Having all this, they have more — they can think enough to be indifferent to their power. Or rather, to channel it into something worthwhile.

This something opened Friday at Kansas City's notorious "Closet" center, which always has the strangest shows in town. The sellout audience, mostly gay, was unanimous in both its praise and bewilderment. They knew it was better than good, and they weren't sure why. It's big and important, and all the adjectives in the world are not going to be able to cope with it; it's going to be

talked about for a long time.

It's called "Possi," and it isn't much of anything like new wave or music hall or theater. A friend of mine called it "post-atomic cabaret", which despite good intentions simply does not suffice. A synopsis might be useful, though rather hard to do. "Possi" doesn't have a plot or story line or characters or any recognizable structure that can be related to something else. Everything was reduced to the barest minimum, including the costumes; there weren't any. Sort of angled and austere, a Bauhaus aesthetic without the nasty bright colors. The entire show was performed in that funny language that Marshall McLuhan likes, so I can't discuss the dialogue. Really, I can say little except for the fact that it was enthralling and they were enthralling. The Boxboys had me from the word go, and what could I do but surrender.

(continued on page 48)

② RICHARD MIRRABECK IN HEART (Kansas City, Mo.), V. 1, #1, Jan. 1977, p. 46

That funny term "Gay Art," used in relation to the theatre, always conjures up memories of relentless drag queen extravaganzas or high-strung soap operas tripping over their own clichés in search of some realism, which may explain why I am suspicious of the phrase.

"Possi" may just mean the birth of something new and long overdue. As a form of entertainment it is challenging, on an aesthetic level very purposeful, and its presentation of sexuality, or homosexuality, I suppose, goes far beyond the theatrical manifestation of a gay consciousness. "Possi" stars two young boys who call themselves the Boxboys, Boy Once and Boy Twice. The third star is an oversized TV, which provides the music, scenery, and general structure of the show. By "star" I purposely imply the anthropomorphic nature it assumes, not in a human or an alien sense, but rather as some hybrid, something quite on par with and totally distinct from the Boxboys, and totally removed from any traditional concept of a TV. This is due to the content of the tape, completely unrecognizable both visually and aurally. There are no bodies, faces, cars, street scenes or rooms present on the screen, likewise never a recognizable word, instrument or sound effect is heard that can be pinned down to something definable.

At first the effect is disconcerting, and I admit I quailed at the prospect of yet another abstract art experience. It took a while to accept the very new and somewhat revolutionary stage vocabulary being used — yet this same vocabulary had its own access point that bridged the gap between the Boxboys and us. Ten minutes into the show they had us. Two hours later we were returned, and somehow disappointed at being back, the same sort of feeling when you wake from a dream you wanted to stay in indefinitely.

I've tried to sit and write up some of the scenes, but it doesn't work: I can't do them justice, or get across their overwhelming potency. I don't think descriptive language, or language at all, English, French or otherwise, can really deal with "Possi", perhaps because it is performed in Esperanto, for us that denial of all language. The Boxboys had an effect that can't be gauged or relegated; the audience left "Le Chat Noir", a rather dubious club in Montmartre, in a trance, as if they desired to be speechless.

④ RENE FLOURET IN "LA PEAU ANCIENNE" (WINTER)

⑤ FROST KUNST NACHRICHTEN (BASEL, SWITZ — GERMANY) V. 2, #2, May 78. (TRANS. FROM GERMAN)

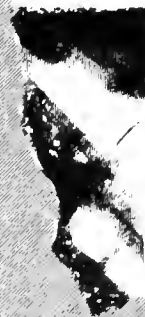
and a clue could be in their name: the Boxboys, box as a metaphor for clothes, for house, for the enclosures we as a society and race need. (Box also as a pun, suggesting the American slang for vagina?) The Boxboys, by wearing no clothes, have escaped all enclosures, and the ones they create through choice very minimally, are governed on their own terms. All is reduced in the show to the sparsest line with a complete absence of superficial detail. They have eliminated all decoration from their stage because they have no need for objects, indeed, they operate in some dimension other than this one of the senses. Given this, the Preisig Rolf Studio works admirably, with its ice-smooth walls and sleek floor. The Boxboys stood like two frail lamps against this starkness, their strength (light) being something internal and

⑥ REVIEW BY JUAN CARDOZA IN PLURAL (MEXICO CITY) V. 3 # 2, July 1978, p. 57.

57

continued from page 3 —

in this way, their voices having the twang and control of a refined instrument, they held their audience sheerly on the strength of their vocal persuasiveness. They relied completely on Esperanto to remove the manipulation of words spoken and comprehended. They built amazing tensions around what they did, because they played with new rules, and there was a constant surprise, a concurrent denial of expectations, and a confrontation ongoing, of who they were, their bodies, their sex, their minds, and the exploration had an edge because they played it as if the audience could change the entire



I don't think the Boxboys sing, or dance, or act, I don't know what they do but it can't be those, though at times it seemed similar enough to those. but if I said they sang I would have to name a song, and the closest was when they yawned in unison for five minutes, and then you would say that is not singing, so I think I must find new words, that do justice to the incredible wonder of their just yawning.

③ RAHIN SHAKIR, IN VBUB (CALCUTTA) V. 1, #5, p. 35. (TRANS. FROM HINDI)

Boxboys cancelled — due to death

By Bert Camloof Toronto Star

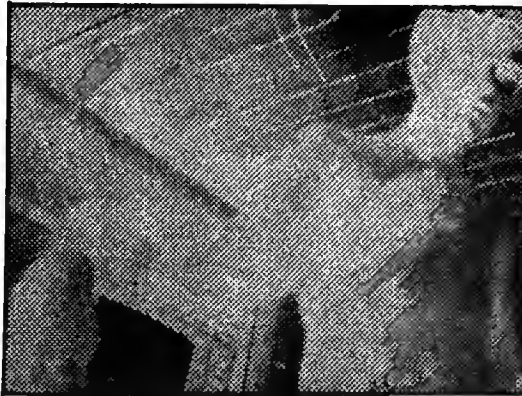
NEW YORK — The Boxboys, scheduled to open their touring show "Possi" off Broadway at the Perspective Theatre Friday night, failed to appear at curtain time and the sellout audience was sent home, confused and refundless. The next morning, the Boxboys were found in a hammock strung from two lamp posts in Brooklyn, naked, by all appearances sleeping peacefully. They were dead, each having taken enough demerol to kill ten men.

A cassette tape held in Boy Once's hands was their final message — in French. It was simply the phrase "Ou est la même chose?" (Where is the same thing?) repeated, and once near the end, in Esperanto, "Our mouths are dry because they are being eaten, so we leave them together, because we don't need to eat now."

The Boxboys, both young (some say in their teens), were unknown and unacknowledged by all but a handful, and few in Toronto saw their show when it played there last summer at the Edge. They had toured "Possi" internationally for the past two years, playing mostly in seedy clubs or

alternative theatres. Ignored by the big critics, they inevitably received glowing reviews in the smaller, underground periodicals, which stressed above all the importance of the Boxboys and what they were doing.

I missed the show myself, but from descriptions it seems to have been about extending a gay aesthetic to encompass the whole human experience of the future. They worked with a very simple stage vocabu-



Boxboys in performance in China

PHOTO: KIM WAI

lary — one very large TV monitor, two microphones, and themselves. They wore nothing but tattoos on their wrists: Boy Once's was a circle, Boy Twice's the letter S. The videotape determined the length and structure of the show, both with sound and image. The Boxboys' singing, dancing and speech were carefully choreographed in confrontation and relation to the tape. The show was performed entirely in Esperanto, that anachronism of another century that was supposed to be the international language of the global village.

A friend who saw the show has tried to describe exactly what happened, and besides his statement that it is not about the future but the future itself, all that emerges is his constant insistence of its brilliance and impact. If the Boxboys had opened off-Broadway with a successful run, chances are we all could have seen the show in some shape or form, and found out what the magic was about for ourselves. As it stands, there is nothing left of their magic but a few stray photographs and some saddened questions.

Like Why?

The Boxboys and the real goodbye

Last month I wrote an obituary for the Boxboys, a team of "post-atomic" entertainers who had been touring their show "Possi" for the last two years in a network of international underground clubs and alternative theatres. Since then I have been beset by questions from a great number of people wanting information, and I had promised to do some research.

That was last month. This month I am different, and prompted to tell the truth.

The boxboys don't exist. They never did.

They were the whimsical product of an imagination — mine — and all the articles written by different authors with different names in different publications (there were forty-seven, I believe, forty-eight including this one) were actually by me. In other words, the Boxboys were nothing more than ink on paper, and all the ink was coming from the same pen.

I've been writing for forty years. I can speak and write six languages. I travel a lot. My world is filled primarily with other writers, editors, and theatre people. My specific interests (the new theatre and gay liberation) have put me in touch with a vast number of smaller periodicals which tend to specialize in these two areas — and I usually end up writing articles and reviews for them (real ones about real people) under various names. This is hardly uncommon in the world of journalism, and has kept my typewriter clicking when it wasn't busy for the Star.

The Boxboys are a five-year-old daydream, a constant preoccupation. I tended to think about them in elevators or in the morning waiting for my porridge to cook. After three years, the details had come together into a very defined and elaborate story — yet I had never told a soul, or written a word, about them. They had been quite comfortable living in the privacy between my ears. The first review, when they went public, was a spontaneous practical joke — I had promised the editor of the "Vernal" something, I had nothing, and the deadline was a day away. I was in Brazil, he wanted something on the theatre there. That night I called up two friends and took some pictures of them. These pictures — there are quite a few — were always used with the subsequent reviews. I also had a xeroxed program of the show made so I could show it to people, proving the show existed. I sent the story and pictures off the next day. It was printed, no questions asked. The Boxboys were born.

The ease made me realize it could happen again, and the size of the fiction mushroomed. My many different by-lines and languages prevented cross



BERT CAMLOOF
Farewell Column

referencing by the public or the various periodicals. Each editor knows my real name and my by-line for his/her publication, but none of the others. The forty years I've been playing this racket bring with them a certain reputation and prestige, so validity was never a problem. The editors never asked questions, they ran each article with complete faith.

The Boxboys reviews are the fastest, easiest pieces I've ever produced, and satisfied some perverse wish in me to write fiction. They appeared on the average every two or three weeks. Because of my travelling, I was usually able to locate the performances in a city different from that of the next publication. They were easy to write, but they had their tricky side — inventing facts (dates, places, contexts) can step on a lot of real-time toes, so I had to be very careful. The danger of slipping added incentive, of course.

I knew the Boxboys would commit suicide right from the start, but the decision for them to do it in this paper was a recent one. It had to do with thoughts I've been having lately about the morality of the printed word, its power, and why I was twisting its power. (Ol' man conscience a 'knockin' on m' door.) To end the Boxboy saga under my own name seemed a solution. The reason I'm telling the truth now, and ruining a perfectly good practical joke, stems from a realization that it was only a partial solution.

This leaves the Boxboys in a very precarious position, yet they are still very real to me. They represent an ideal, an expression of ideas regarding two basic issues — what is a so-called "gay art" (theatre or otherwise), and what can it be? — and what is this thing Theatre anyway? Big questions that have occupied better minds than mine for countless centuries. The Boxboys fiction constitutes my own attempt to address these questions.

Earlier, when the Boxboys were born, I considered actually producing the real show. This notion lasted perhaps five minutes — I realized the obvious trap. Another plan — to write a paperback biography of their life and art, crammed with photos — was discarded on principle. I had no

wish to reduce their magic to a consumable package glaring out of book racks between Judy Garland and Marlon Brando. I'm a critic and believe finally in the function we critics serve. Despite constant soul-searching and questioning of our role, the faith is ultimately there. I will never condone biographical pulp posing as something more.

You may interpret this present revelation and the Boxboy game I played as a sarcastic comment on criticism and the media in general. Please don't. The game had, I hope, no negative or destructive sides. To the editors who published the reviews — I can offer no apologies. I have no right. I like to think that the Boxboys presented the various readers with something new, an alternative perhaps to what they are used to. I like to think it made some think about those big questions. The fact that it was fiction posing as fact is irrelevant, I think, if they did think about these questions.

The Boxboys for me are a personal piece of romance. They were created because I didn't — and still don't — see them existing in this real world of ours. The possibility that they could is one that intrigues me. At times I think that the future will see something like the Boxboys and their values on a stage somewhere; at others I consider them incompatible completely with our human state.

I made them because, like everyone, I dream of something better. This is my last piece as theatre critic for this paper. I am not at all sure about retirement, if it exists at all. It will certainly provide more time for dreams or something better — in many ways it feels like a classic second adolescence.

This piece is the real obituary of the Boxboys. Funny how the dream ends with the revelation. They remain, I guess, the romantic amusement of a sixty-three year old man who used to play practical jokes as a schoolboy and who, after years of forgetting, has remembered the joys of the private chuckle and indulged once more.

Council spends \$10 million-plus

OTTAWA (CP) — More than \$10 million was awarded to 152 performing arts organizations by the Canada Council at its last meeting in June, it was announced yesterday.

Twelve dance organizations received a total of \$780,000 in grants. Theatre organizations received \$4,961,500.

CLIPPINGS

"THE BOXBOYS" Nov '76 to Sept '79

7. Bert Camloof at the Toronto Star, Dec. 7, 1978, p. D4
8. Bert Camloof, THE STAR, January 3, 1979

ART BEA

The Politics of Culture

On the trail of the illusive androgynes

Bert 'Boxboys' Camloof tells all *VOICE, JAN. 10, 1979*

By George Winfield

so you want to know: we are polysexual androgynes. We have sex by pressing our tattoos together. Don't tape us to a wall, we're not a lifestyle poster. We went to the disaster and came back unscathed, yet we cried for every brick that fell. We forgot about the grand illusion and chose to continue, though the reprimand came over the wires, but it didn't have a way to begin, so we continue still. That brings up the point of bridges and chimneys, but we always pass through, having trusted you: you like us? When people ask, we say we are polysexual androgynes, and they usually miss what we mean. Once or Twice we are called, and we answer three times. In deference to the humor, we laugh with gusto. Laughing regularly becomes a better habit than food, so we laugh about not eating. We are polysexual, and relate to turmoil and passion, for you, corduroy. Sensuality was also a handbag that we left in the girder rubble, now we rub noses for other reasons. The house we build is made of boxes and we are androgynes, remember, just for you

The above production notes were taken from a xeroxed program for the show "Possi," starring the Boxboys, which Bert Camloof, former theater critic for the Toronto Star, showed me during an interview I did with him in his apartment in that city last Monday. This was a week after his farewell article in the Star, in which he revealed his incredible Boxboy hoax for what it was.

GW: What motivated the whole thing in the beginning?
 BC: To tell you the truth, some rather suddenly found

If Bert Camloof can turn fact into fiction, creating the Boxboys as a supposedly serious role model for "gay" theater and "gay" consciousness in general, surely some comment on his creation is called for; a review of the reviews which he calls "practical jokes."

Let's look at his Boxboys and their show. He had them perform in foreign locales, usually in some sort of underground gathering place for the avant-garde. He presented their show as the intellectual breakthrough of the decade. Very exotic stuff, these glamorous, misunderstood Boxboys; in spite of the intellectual pretensions, they fall into the same media role as Hollywood stars. Thus, his information is both manipulative and digestible, becoming more fascinating than any sort of local affair. This is not all bad. It is used as a flag to grab the reader's attention, but at the same time it reduces the whole fiction from something with immediacy to something removed. Exotic things tend to wrap themselves up in too many ribbons. The information gets lost. Bert was obscure, and I'm tired of obscure.

As an uplifting example of "gay" theater, I found his arguments questionable. He presented the Boxboys as "polysexual androgynes" (what does that mean, Bert?) whose sexual urges were expressed on a metaphysical plane. Sure, they were naked, sure there was physical contact, but his descriptions seem to stress something neutral (or neutered) that to me sounds very repressed. They weren't real. They didn't seem to have any problems, like infatuations or insecurities. How does he expect anyone

to learn from this atomic idyll, where sex is a communion involving some sixth sense and a libido is deemed unnecessary? The ideas behind his reviews suggested at times a Hare-Krishna consciousness of sensual denial for spiritual fulfillment — does he want homosexuality to become a religious movement? The truth may be that the Boxboys really are androgynous little boys — and that means they don't have anything to do with homosexuality at all.

What does this make Mr. Camloof's practical joke? Reactionary and destructive, I'm afraid. Saying it was gay when it wasn't is a cruel manipulation. If I read him right, he's advocating a space-age role model that is, in essence, pre-Victorian: sex doesn't exist in proper circles. In a strange way his picture is attractive — a life without sex would have none of the agonies.

But dammit, we've been fighting for a long time (and so has Bert) for us and our sex to exist as happily and freely as possible. Utopian visions have little to do with this fight, especially the minimal, mystical world of the Boxboys. Their story in effect becomes another hill for us to climb over.

Finally, the suicide of the Boxboys in the Toronto Star. The danger of his



Letter to the Editor, Rising, March 1979.

Dear Body Politic,

Here are a few pages of clippings that I thought you might find interesting. I know they may seem a little unusual, but I thought you might like to consider them for publication.

Let me know.

John Greyson

John

Dear Rising,

Regarding Mr. Marden's editorial in the February issue, one can only wonder if he read the same reviews by Mr. Camloof that I did. I saw five of them before the revelation that they were fiction. Each time I was impressed by the values and intelligence of the supposed Boxboys show. Since then, I've dug up another fifteen, which have only helped to enhance my appreciation of what Mr. Camloof actually did. He knows his theater and his politics. The reviews, while representing both a theater and a consciousness that don't exist yet, and should, operated on the level of elaborate suggestion. His obscurity was enlightened — he was myth-making.

The reviews are amazing for their lack of real information. In essence they serve as filler between two things: the Boxboys as a name, and a string of adjectives praising them. What the reader is left with then is nothing but their name, the fact that they were good and the fact that they were gay. Their value remained the reader's responsibility, as stimulus for his or her imagination. That was Mr. Marden's first mistake — he read Bert Camloof's practical joke literally, missing the deeper levels. Moreover, he chose to read it only as a piece of gay propaganda, and ignored any larger human implications completely.

By reading it that way he exposed a common error in gay consciousness, which is really self-consciousness. His arguments stem from a nervous time, when things were either gay or not gay. No gray. He seems to feel threatened by anything that steps outside or beyond clear cut limits. The Boxboys took their sexual status in stride, and moved into larger areas of exploration.

This seems to be something Joe cannot accept. I suspect he prefers to wallow in the same pond that ten years ago was a new waterhole but

now is little more than a commonplace puddle. Happy Eighties, Joe, we're a new generation and we've all got bigger pools to swim in, though you don't seem to realize it. Too much mud in your ears, perhaps.

I think Mr. Marden's arguments were based more on Mr. Camloof's revelation in the Star, and the Boxboys program which was published in the Village Voice after the revelation, not before. He took the "Polysexual Androgynes" statement out of context — on the program it read: "When people ask we say we are polysexual androgynes, and they usually miss what we mean." What it meant was an attack on labels, specifics like "homosexuality" and their bankruptcy. We have to get over the insecurity of needing rigid definitions. The only value that rhetoric can have is in its constant replacement. Mr. Marden exposes himself in his worry over words. If Esperanto can be read as a lack of language, then the Boxboys have left the words behind, as we should all.

Frank Hemming
Toronto

Don't be so patronizing, please, I'm not as old as all that. I know there's a new generation — I'm part of it (laugh if you will) — and I think your contention that definitions should be buried as obsolete is the same sort of utopian logic that I condemned Bert for. Your argument simply ignores the diverse needs of the vast community and ignores the fact that definitions are reassessed daily, both on a personal and group level — Joe Marden.

12 "OUR IMAGE," THE BODY POLITIC, SEPT. 1979. p. 26. →

ESTHETERA

The Boxboys rise again: Ca

The Gay Collective of Vancouver is currently working with Bert Camloof, former critic for the Toronto Star, on a "real" production of *Possi*, starring the Boxboys, who will be played by local talents Jay Tremblay and Vinny Breetmov. It will be based on Mr. Camloof's original idea for the show, which took the form of a series of fictitious reviews published in various periodicals. His involvement contradicts a statement he made in his farewell article in the Star, which said he would never get involved in an actual production because he "realized the obvious trap." The show is expected to be staged in the fall; difficulties are being experienced as neither Mr. Camloof nor any of the collective know Esperanto...

A smart done up mid-June run g to the d r ir Tu Su pi "Be Sir ot)

10 JOE MARDEN, EDITORIAL IN RISING (DETROIT), FEB. 1979.

Writer John Greyson lives in Toronto, where he works for Centerfold magazine. All persons and publications in this story are fictitious; any resemblance to reality is purely coincidental.

When the police beat around the bushes in Toronto's Allan Gardens, they can usually count on filling their nightly quota of indecency busts pretty easily. But one evening two out-of-the-closet gay men decided to give them a surprise.

GETTING OFF

A narrative of fighting back — and winning. By Andrew Britton

I had been in Toronto five days when it happened.

I'd come here for the second year running at the invitation of film critic Robin Wood — a former colleague in England, and now head of Fine Arts at Atkinson College at York University — to teach a summer course in Film Studies. I was looking forward to meeting old friends and getting to know better a city I already liked.

On the evening of Wednesday, July 4, I went out to dinner with a close friend I'd known in England. We left the restaurant at about 1:15 AM (his parting words were, I now remember, "Take it easy!") and, as it was a beautiful evening and I was feeling quite high after a fair amount to drink, I thought I'd go for a walk. We'd been eating at a restaurant on Church Street, and a five-minute stroll brought me to Allan Gardens.

Allan Gardens, I later learned, is one of Toronto's oldest parks, opened to the public as a botanical garden in the nineteenth century by one of the city's powerful landowners. A patch of green the size of a large city block and

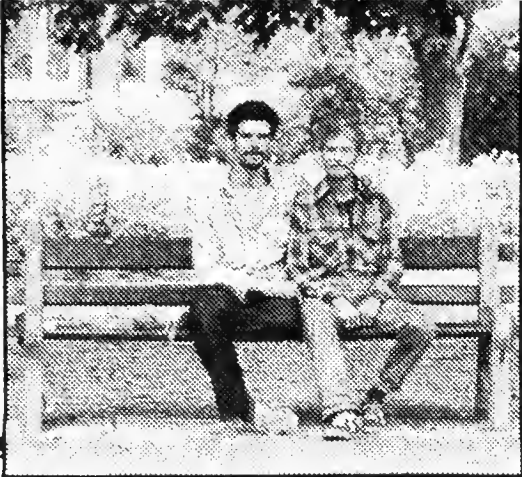
dominated by a sprawling Victorian conservatory, the park has always been a focus for the colourful street life of downtown Toronto. It once served as the city's modest version of Hyde Park Corner and, over the years, curious Sunday crowds might expect to be harangued by speakers as varied as determined suffragists and brown-shirted Nazis. Today, you may see drunks from nearby boarding houses asleep in the sun, circles of men engrossed in picnic-table card games, prostitutes in spike heels strolling alone as dusk falls.

I'd never been in Allan Gardens before, but it was obvious at once that it was also a popular cruising area. I walked round the park a couple of times, and then decided to investigate — the possibility of meeting someone suddenly seemed attractive. Eventually, I came upon a stretch of path running in front of a row of trees and bushes which backed onto a parking area behind the greenhouses. There were a number of men around, one sitting on a bench, and a few more standing at the edge of the

bushes or on the grass between the bushes and the path. As I walked by, I passed another man — Alan McMurray, as I would soon learn — going in the opposite direction, and our eyes met. I found him attractive. When, on looking back over my shoulder, I saw that he had done the same, I walked over towards some bushes. He followed me, and we walked in as far as we could go, ending up next to a tall wire fence.

We'd hardly had a chance even to say anything to each other before we both became aware of a couple of men peering at us through the bushes. I was standing with my back to the fence, and one of them was almost directly in front of me at a distance of six or seven feet, walking slowly back and forth and craning forward to see what we were doing. I didn't notice the other one until Alan turned to one side and said, "Why don't you fuck off?" to a figure I then managed to make out crouching on the ground and trying to look up at us through the shrubbery.

Even at this stage it never occurred to



GETTING OFF

me that they were policemen, though I had every reason to be aware of the lengths the cops will go to to get gays. I'm a member of the Gay Rights committee of the National Council for Civil Liberties in Britain, and for the past six months I've been working on a booklet on *Gays and the Law*, and interviewing numerous people who've been caught in similar situations. Being a true academic, however, I never made the connection, and just assumed the men were voyeurs. As it happened, on this occasion there was nothing to see — we'd embraced once and kissed, but no more. In any case, it wasn't my intention to have sex there when it could be done in a far more leisurely and comfortable way in the apartment where I was staying.

But that isn't the point.

If I'd been married, or living with friends who didn't know I was gay, I wouldn't have had anywhere else to go — short of paying out ten dollars for the baths. Even if we *had* been doing what both policemen later claimed under oath, no one would have been around to find it indecent unless they had taken the trouble to crawl through the undergrowth to watch. The nearest light was 150 yards away at least, and thick bushes hid us from the public footpath. The most upright Baptist family could have walked past without knowing that they were morally obliged to be disturbed. It was, in effect, a private place and, if we'd been a straight couple, it would almost certainly have been treated as such. As it is, straight couples can do

what we were actually doing *anywhere* they like without being called indecent.

Both of us were disturbed by having these two men staring at us, and we were about to leave when they moved in. I felt a hand on my shoulder, and a whispered "Guess what?" in my ear. I expected to feel a knife go into my ribs, as my first thought was that they were bashers, and they didn't, then or later, either identify themselves as cops or officially arrest us for a particular crime. (One of them subsequently became aware of this omission and said to me at the station, "You heard my pal say we were cops, didn't you?" He hadn't. Both, of course, testified in court that they had.)

They told us repeatedly not to make a fuss and to come quietly. They were afraid, presumably, that other gays nearby would have come to help us. I was so dazed and surprised that I *did* cooperate — and one of them was wearing a gun which he made very sure we could see. They walked us slowly across the grass to where their car was parked at the Jarvis-Carlton Street intersection. The one escorting me refused to take his hand off my belt even though I said I wouldn't make a break for it.

The rest of the evening was like a nightmare. I think it's probably impossible to convey to anyone who hasn't experienced it my sense of humiliation and powerlessness — the feeling of being in the hands of people whose

authority gave them practically unlimited licence to say anything against me with impunity. We were taken to Police Headquarters on Jarvis St and then up to the offices of the Morality Squad, where our pockets were turned out and personal details recorded. We weren't asked to make a statement at any point. Then we were taken downstairs, photographed and fingerprinted. I was struck by the matter-of-factness of the policemen. We weren't abused or pushed around, although one of them tried to unnerve me with the suggestion that I might not be able to get back into England with a criminal record.

We were simply two of the night's quota of faggots.

If we pleaded (or were found) guilty, it was just one more conviction. Even if we elected for trial and were acquitted, the police get extra pay for time spent in court to give evidence. Our lawyer told us that one officer had boasted to him that he'd got a holiday in Hawaii out of gross indecency cases. For all they knew, our whole lives might have been brought down in ruins by the public exposure of a trial. In this case, we both just happened to be out not only to our friends but also at work. They didn't know and they didn't care, and treated us with clinical indifference. One of them said he hoped the formalities wouldn't take long, as he wanted to get home to bed early.

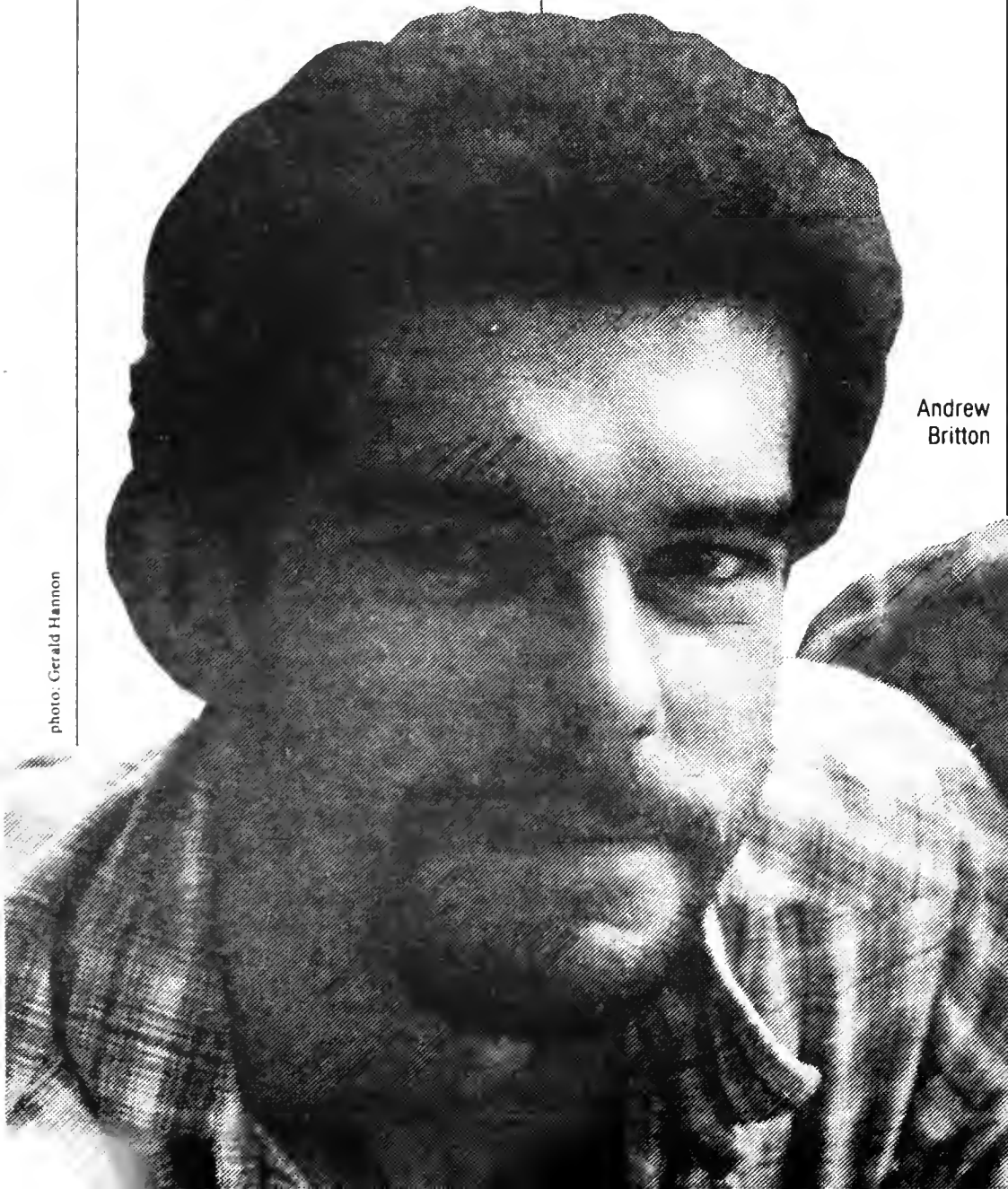
We weren't told at any point what we were supposed to have done; we

were simply charged with "gross indecency." The nearest we got to our legal right to know the nature of our offence was when one of the officers asked me, out of the blue as we were waiting to be fingerprinted, if I knew what a blow-job was. I said I didn't; the "innocent abroad" seemed one of my few available roles. He persisted: "D'you know what sucking a cock is?" I felt that I couldn't hold out anymore. "We call it a blow-job over here," he replied, with great seriousness.

It seemed farcical even then, but the humour was lost in the general atmosphere of unreality. If I protested or resisted the procedure, I'd end up in a cell with several other charges to my name — resistance of course, always indicating guilt. So I went along with it, and watched myself being reduced to data in a file.

The police have a wonderful ability to instill guilt; the following day, I felt ashamed to tell the friends I was staying with what had happened. Behind my concern not to worry and upset them lay a deeper sense that I *had* done something wrong, and had got my just deserts. The police rely on that as much as anything else — on a sense of shame, fear and humiliation only too easily aroused, even when you *know* that their having been there to arrest us at all should be cause for rage, not shame. The police expect guilty pleas, and

each one (however understandable it may be, if you have



Andrew Britton



Alan McMurray

“If we pleaded guilty, it was just one more conviction. Even if we elected trial, the police get extra pay for time spent in court. One officer boasted he’d got a holiday in Hawaii out of gross indecency cases.”

everything to lose by publicity or simply have difficulty affording a lawyer) reinforces the likelihood that the methods the police use to get convictions will continue. If everyone picked up like us that week (and there were recently twenty-six in one evening in another Toronto park, David Balfour) were to plead not guilty, the courts would be clogged for weeks.

Both Alan and I decided to plead not guilty.

The day after our arrest, I contacted a friend who put me in touch with Paul Trollope, a member of The Body Politic collective who is articulated to the lawyer Mitchell Chernovsky. We told Paul our story and he reinforced our decision with the opinion that we had a good chance. Our first appearance in court — on the Monday after our arrest — was simply a matter of fixing a trial date; we were in and out in about ten minutes. I’d been afraid there would be a long delay before the trial, which would mean staying on in Canada longer than I’d arranged for, and thus losing my charter flight home. Even if it came to that, I was determined to do it. Apart from the moral issue, a guilty plea would have meant a criminal record, and that would probably make it impossible for me to return to Canada. After a submission from Paul, however, a date was fixed for three weeks later — Thursday, July 26.

The waiting was in some ways the toughest part of all. I fluctuated fairly regularly between optimism (of course we’d win), depression (we didn’t have a hope) and anger that the thing could ever have happened. Alan and I were continuing to see each other. But simply because it was possible for policemen to spend their time and other people’s money sitting in bushes waiting to spin fictions about us, a friendship that could have made a marvellous summer had been placed under needless and ridiculous pressure. Alan was worried for me because he had three previous convictions (the last in 1967) and I had none, and he assumed that this would completely destroy our credibility. The same thing worried me on his behalf; I saw myself being cast as the young tenderfoot being led wickedly astray by an incorrigible felon. We tried to reassure each other — more successfully at some times than others. And Alan became more and more militant as time went by. He told me that all his life he hadn’t felt able to do more than sit back and take the kind of thing that was being handed out to us now. But he never would again.

We were confronted at once by two major problems:

(1) Whatever happened, the case was going to turn on a conflict of evidence between us and the police. And the police, in Quentin Crisp’s phrase, “never lie.” As it was, the conflict wasn’t limited only to the question of whether or not sex had taken place. Everything they said — about the brightness of the light at the time, about where they’d been standing in relation to us, about the length of time we’d been in the bushes — directly contradicted what we said. Our lawyer told us that even if the judge wasn’t disposed to believe the

police (and he usually would be), the pressures on him to accept their account were enormous. To do otherwise would be to imply that an officer had perjured himself, with possibly adverse consequences to his career. In addition, no judge could get away for long with finding against the representatives of public order. Besides, as Crown Attorney Larry Feldman told me during my cross-examination, neither of the officers knew me and therefore no personal animus could be involved.

This argument assumes, of course, the majestic impartiality not only of the law but also of its executors. It was inconceivable, apparently, that the laws themselves were anti-gay, or that those officers (or any others) could have any other motive than personal dislike for lying about us. Indeed, the Crown Attorney went out of his way at the

beginning of cross-examination to assure me smoothly — and he was very smooth — that he had no anti-gay feeling at all, and that he hoped I believed him. I reflected silently that his liberal conscience didn’t make much difference to me either way.

(2) Our case would depend centrally on what kind of judge we had. Several of the judges on the provincial court circuit were demonstrably anti-gay. One of them had sentenced a gay man to fourteen days in jail on an indecent act charge. On the other hand, we might be lucky — we might get a new man who wasn’t yet jaded and cynical after twenty years on the bench and who still, in Paul’s phrase, “listens to people.” If, on entering the courtroom, we discovered we had got the first kind of judge, we decided we would opt for trial by jury in a higher court, with all the extra delay

and expense which that involved. In the event, we were lucky. But that such an issue should arise brought home both the arbitrariness of the outcome and the way in which the cards were stacked against closeted gays as well as lower income groups. Whether or not we’d actually done anything would be the last factor involved in what happened.

We’d been asked to be in court at 10:00 AM, but our case didn’t come up until 12:15 — we were the last on the list. In that two and a quarter hours, nine or ten cases were dealt with, and it became apparent from Judge Thomas Mercer’s handling of them that he was the best we could have got. A shoplifting case — almost exactly analogous to one which the judge we’d encountered in the conveyor-belt atmosphere of the previous court had handled with monstrous severity — was dismissed on the

GUESS WHAT...

That hand on your shoulder could be a cop’s.

The Body Politic’s clip-and-save guide to arrest and trial.

There are no easy answers. Nothing about the procedure is clear, and the ambiguity is always to the police’s advantage, not yours. What follows are guidelines only, but they should help you in most situations.

- **Ask for police ID.** If you cannot determine that the persons who have just approached you are police officers (if they are in plain clothes, for example), ask them immediately to identify themselves and to show you their badges.
- **Ask whether you’re under arrest and what the charge is.** In most circumstances you have the right to straightforward answers to both questions, if they are not already clear to you. The onus, however, is on you to ask, not on the police to tell you. They are under no obligation to inform you of your rights.
- **You’re free until arrested.** If you are not under arrest, you have the right to walk away. The police cannot detain you without arresting you first.
- **Do not resist arrest or use force against the police.** You may be badly beaten up and charged with resisting arrest, assaulting police officers or obstructing them. You may feel an arrest is unlawful, but a court will rarely agree.
- **Identify yourself.** If you are under arrest, you must provide the police with your name and address and other information reasonably necessary to identify you. The police will not release you until they have been satisfied as to your identity.
- **Say nothing else.** You are under no obligation to make any statement whatsoever about the circumstances leading to your arrest. If the police are pressuring you, you could say, “I don’t wish to say anything at this time. If my counsel advises me to make a statement, then I may do so.”
- **Anything you say to the police will almost certainly be used against you at the trial.** It is very difficult to get a statement excluded in court on the grounds that you were beaten or threatened or intimidated into making it, because the police are not likely to admit in court that they took such steps against you. If it is your word against that of two or

three police officers, your chances of being believed are not good.

• **Ask to make a phone call.** If the police are planning to release you within an hour or two on a promise to appear in court, you probably don’t need to call anyone. But if the police appear disposed to keep you locked up, you should ask to phone legal counsel or a friend, lover or family member. The police are supposed to allow this, but they don’t always comply with such requests. Although the Bill of Rights says you have a right to consult counsel without delay, Canadian courts have not decided, as a consequence, that an accused person prevented from doing so is entitled to an automatic “remedy” like the dropping of charges. You might try later to sue the police, but that procedure is so time-consuming that few people ever try it.

• **Don’t give in to “deals.”** Do not be intimidated by threats the police may make. Don’t be swayed by promises to get you a suspended sentence, a lesser charge, a lighter fine or a lenient judge. They are impossible for the police to carry through.

• **Ask to see a bail justice** if the police do not release you. A justice of the peace on 24-hour call, he or she can decide to release you even if the police have decided not to.

• **You may be free in 24 hours.** If the police do not release you and you are not given the opportunity to speak to the bail justice, the Criminal Code “guarantees” you the right to be brought before a judge or justice “within 24 hours or as soon as

590 Jarvis St, Toronto’s top cop shop



possible.” In Toronto, such appearances take place in Courtroom 23 in the basement of Old City Hall. Ask to speak to Duty Counsel (a lawyer hired by Ontario Legal Aid to give free advice to people who don’t have counsel). He or she can advise you of your rights, help you to present your case at bail hearing (where a judge decides if you should be released pending trial) and show you how to apply for Legal Aid and retain counsel for your trial. Duty Counsel can act on bail hearings and speak to the judge on your behalf if you decide to plead guilty, but cannot conduct your trial.

• **Do not plead guilty.** Do not be panicked into this action either on your first appearance in court or later without having discussed your case with gay-positive legal counsel.

• **You or someone else may have to put up bail.** If the circumstances are considered serious enough (depending on the offence, your criminal record, your previous failure to show up in court), you may be required to have a “surety” (a person who signs a promise to pay an amount set by the court if you fail to appear) or you may “enter into a recognizance” (promise to pay the amount yourself if you fail to appear) or you may be required to pay cash bail.

• **See a lawyer.** Do not take legal advice from the police, from friends or from self-appointed individuals who may accost you near the courtroom.

• **Do not assume you are guilty just because the police say you are.** Your guilt or innocence is for the court to decide. Your strategy in court is for you and your lawyer to decide.

• **Prepare for several visits to court.** You will usually make three appearances. On the first, you will merely be asked if you intend to get a lawyer, either privately or through Legal Aid, or if you will defend yourself. If you indicate you will be getting a lawyer, you will be told to return to court in approximately three weeks with the lawyer, or with a letter from the lawyer. At this second appearance, the court will set a date agreeable both to the court and to your lawyer. The third appearance is the trial date itself. (You can sometimes reduce the number to two if you arrange to have your lawyer accompany you on the first appearance.)

• **To find a gay-positive lawyer.** In Toronto, call TAG (964-6600), LOOT (960-3249), or The Body Politic (863-6320). Elsewhere, call your local gay or lesbian organization, publication, or telephone information line.

by Jane Rule

Letters of the heart

I save the letters written to me about my work. From the time my first novel, *Desert of the Heart*, came out in 1964, there have been many more than I expected, thanking, asking for help, challenging, telling their own stories.

A writer for some people is like the stranger on a plane, someone to confide in, with a real, if only half-consciously recognized difference: the stranger is chosen as someone unlikely to betray secrets; the writer, on the other hand, is a teller of tales. Though some of my correspondents have offered their life stories as material of books I ought to write, I have never used material from any of the letters. Yet I feel my heart far better informed for them, the range of my understanding greater. And they, as much if not more than reviews, describe the climate in which my books have been written.

Archivists have argued that the letters, for their sociological and psychological value, should be among the papers preserved for the future. When that suggestion was first made, I protested that people who write to me don't imagine that their sometimes very personal revelations will end up in the public archives. Though I didn't write books for the purpose of soliciting people's confidences, once I received them I felt I had a trust, protecting the real people who wrote those letters from exposure and abuse. To that objection, a 50-year seal was suggested. In, let us say, the year 2030, there would be no one left with any personal stake in letters, and their social value could be fairly assessed. Though legally the dead can't be libelled, I feel no freer to abuse their memory. Yet, I wondered, isn't one of the motives in writing to become part of the testimony of what it has been like to be alive? To destroy the letters might be a greater offense than to save them.

I talked with a number of people who argued on both sides. For some, privacy is absolute. To expose it no matter how far into the future is a betrayal. I have friends whose letters, at their request, I routinely destroy once I've answered them. Others, however, feel just as strongly that our personal lives belong to history, and to destroy evidence is to participate in the lie that reduces the truth to a guilty secret.

One afternoon when an archivist was visiting and helping me to sort out various other problems about preserving papers, I told her that I hadn't been able yet to make a decision about the letters. She was still arguing strongly for their inclusion in the archives.

"Would you mind if I looked at some of them?" she asked.

Though for some clear-eyed moralists this request in itself would be a violation of privacy, I felt no hesitation, respecting as I do this woman's discretion. I thought if she could see the range of the material, she might understand better both my hesitation and my concern. I handed her the file of letters written after *Lesbian Images* came out, then offered her a cup of tea or a drink, which she refused. I went off upstairs to get myself something and also to start dinner. By the time I got back down to my study, she was sitting with the file in

her lap, staring at the fire.

"Could I change my mind about that drink?"

"Of course," I said and went to get her one.

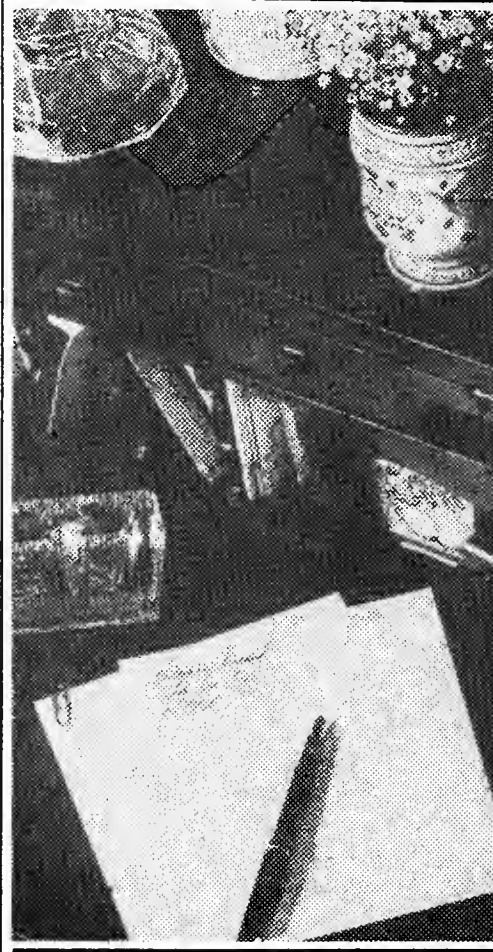
When I got back, she asked for a cigarette as well. She doesn't ordinarily smoke.

After some moments of silence, she said, "These should be burned, all of them, right now."

"You begin to see the problems they pose for me?"

"One of them" she said, "is from a good friend of mine."

I stood, watching her trying to recover from the shock of it, having so inadvertently exposed her friend. Hadn't the



writers of those letters been real people to her before that, rather than cranks and kooks about whom I was being over-fastidious?

At that moment, I made my own decision. Though I don't intend to dispose of my papers for some time, having uses for them myself, when the time comes those letters will be among my archives. For only when people can read the power and diversity of response to persecution will they begin to learn that the people in pain are, in fact, their good friends. The solution is not to throw their testimony into the fire but to face it.

To read those letters is not only to recognize suffering but to encounter remarkable courage. No hate mail I've ever received has been signed. Apparently self-righteousness needs anonymity. But from those who had real reason to protect themselves, the letters have invariably been signed. They have been a support for me without which it would sometimes have been nearly impossible to go on writing.

Preserving pain and courage and love betrays nothing but the world's hypocrisy. Our only real defence has always been the truth. □

ground of reasonable doubt.

The two police officers — Sergeant Peter King and Constable Gary Gordon — gave their evidence first, and were obviously unused to doing so. They'd been spoiled, clearly, by a long tradition of guilty pleas. Their manner was shifty, evasive and hesitant. For the first time we discovered what it was we had done: we had been masturbating each other for a minute or two, and then Alan had sucked my cock. Mitch Chernovsky, during cross-examination, wasn't able to produce any substantial disagreements in their testimony, though he did cause them both some embarrassment.

Why, he asked, did they stand watching us masturbate for so long? We were already committing an offence — why didn't they move in? Much hesitation and shuffling ensued, before both of them concluded that they had been too far away from each other to coordinate their plan of attack. One of them added, to give credence to the point, that "these people sometimes fight back when you try to arrest them," and it was dangerous to attempt to do so without reinforcements. On being asked by Mitch if he expected him to believe that, the officer replied, somewhat testily, that he didn't care whether he believed it or not.

Despite the less than convincing rectitude of the police performance, Mitch was depressed by our prospects when the court recessed for lunch. He asked Alan and me if there was any further information we could remember which would minimize the contradictions between our evidence and the police's. The greater the conflicts, he argued, the more difficult it would be for the judge to find for us. But the only option would be for us to lie, and this both of us refused categorically. On the simple, practical level, I couldn't see how much niceties could have much effect when the disagreement was so fundamental. More important, I gagged on the thought of accommodating myself to the system in that way.

This was, perhaps, in one sense illogical. As Alan said, his impulse was to tell the court to fuck off; yet we'd both turned up in a suit, shirt, tie and all the signs of respectable middle-classness. In another sense, this seemed a perfectly acceptable way of playing the system. There would be no point in martyring ourselves for our own satisfaction, but for no productive purpose whatever. Lying was very different and, while I saw the reasons why someone might consider doing it, it wasn't a possibility. Even in the event that it could have made any difference at all, it would have put us on the level of our accusers.

After lunch, I gave evidence first, and had been on the stand twenty seconds when the court reporter's tape deck broke down. The fifteen-minute wait that followed was the worst point of the day. As I walked up and down outside the courtroom I felt faint, slightly nauseated and very, very tired — too tired, I thought, to be able to stand in the witness box. This feeling passed as soon as we resumed. Mitch's depression had communicated itself to me but, as soon as it came to the point, I felt inexplicably self-confident. I spoke clearly and distinctly, and addressed myself directly to the judge, who was sitting to my right. Trollope had warned us previously that we should be prepared for catcalls and abuse from the spectators' gallery when the charges were read out. This prospect had been my main cause of alarm. But the court had cleared by now — only court officials and our two "character witnesses" were left.

I felt pleased with the way I behaved under cross-examination, and it was far

less nerve-wracking to be actually *doing* something than sitting by while Alan went through the same procedure. Then came the summing-up by both counsel. "A very clear-cut case," concluded the prosecution.

Then it was Mitch's turn. My heart sank as he got underway; the second half of his submission seemed suddenly to concede the prosecution's case. He began talking about how "gross indecency" was defined, and brought forward three precedents which underlined the ambiguities of the available rulings. He'd already proposed this course as an alternative — we could either deny the charge or argue that it wasn't really grossly indecent. Both of us had rejected the second course; we wanted to win the case on the ground that we were innocent. As Mitch continued, I felt we no longer had a chance. Subtle theological debates about the definition of "privacy" and "indecency" wouldn't carry much weight, I thought, when everyone knew that cocksucking was disgusting anyway. I didn't understand until later that counsel must deal with all possibilities in one submission.

I felt unsteady on my feet as the judge asked us to rise to receive his decision, and his first words confirmed the sense of defeat that overwhelmed me already. "I have no doubt," he said, "that you were doing more than you've admitted." He went on to accept the police evidence that we'd been masturbating each other. Then he suddenly changed course. He said there was reasonable doubt, given the uncertain condition of the light in the gardens, as to whether oral sex had taken place. He would, consequently, acquit on all charges.

I was staggered. I didn't properly realize we'd won until the judge was halfway out of the courtroom. Alan seemed as dazed as I was, and we stood looking at each other stupidly for a moment before suddenly embracing.

But the verdict still made no sense to me: Why should the judge believe one half of the police story and not the other? Mitch suggested one explanation. On the one hand, by saying he accepted some of the official story, the judge avoided implying that the police had perjured themselves. On the other hand, the use of reasonable doubt to acquit us probably didn't indicate faith in our testimony, but the belief that the police shouldn't be involved in park entrapment anyway. An ambiguous victory at best.

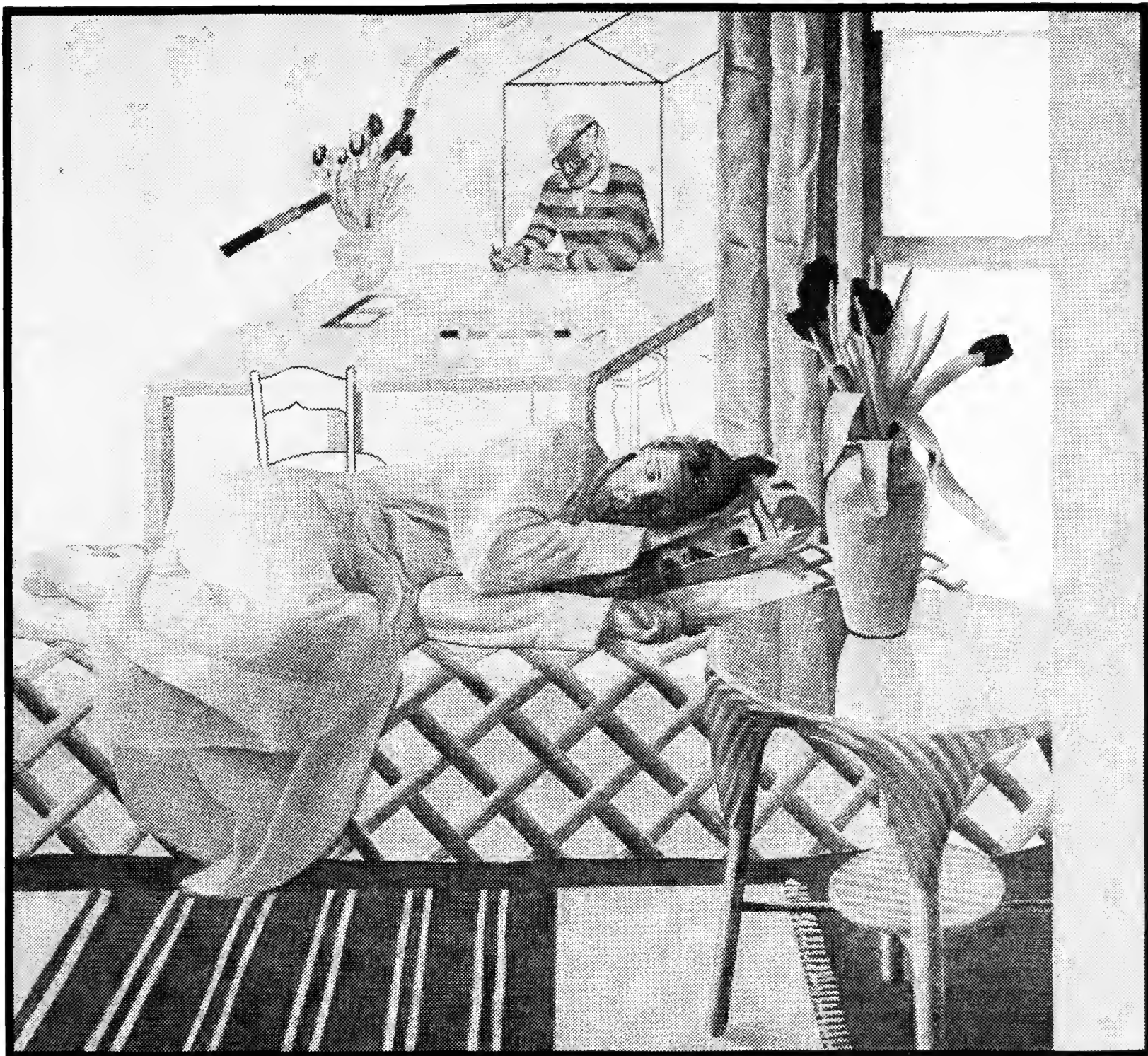
But it's all over at last. Walking in Allan Gardens one afternoon before leaving the city, it struck me that I had been lucky in every way. I had lost nothing by taking the case to full trial, I had the money to do so and I had some wonderful friends around to support and encourage me during the heavier moments.

Unfortunately, there will continue to be lots of gay men who will not be so lucky, men who will feel that heavy hand on the shoulder when they least expect it, men who will be subjected to the same demeaning, confusing — and useless — procedure. Unless we begin to challenge an arrangement that allows policemen to earn Hawaiian vacations by skulking in the shrubbery to arrest harmless victims. I think it's time we did.

A police cruiser, on one of its apparently routine daytime sweeps through the park, crept slowly toward me on the walkway. I had to step aside to let the bright yellow car and its uniformed occupants pass.

At least this time I could see them coming. □

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When David Hockney graduated from the Royal College of Art in 1962, he arrived at the convocation ceremony to receive the Gold Medal of Outstanding Distinction in an orange-blond crew cut, wearing a gold lamé jacket, and carrying a shopping bag to put his prizes in. A perfect media event. He was already famous and he knew it...

HOCKNEY: THE ARCHITECTURE OF HIS IMAGE

...It was "the swinging Sixties," and like the Beatles and Mary Quant, David Hockney was one of those bright young working-class kids who were dead set on gate-crashing the British establishment.

The year before he had produced the now-famous suite of etchings parodying Hogarth's *The Rake's Progress* in the etchings department of the RCA. Kasmin, already his dealer, was selling his paintings at what seemed at the time to be unbelievably high prices. In '62, Sir John Rothenstein talked the Friends of the Tate Gallery into purchasing one of his paintings for the gallery. Rothenstein — one of the lions of the British art establishment — was certainly proud of his early patronage of this

prodigy; yet later he seemed to rather resent what he has called Hockney's "immediate international success that began while he was still a student," compared to others like Francis Bacon who were *mature* artists before they received their just acclaim. But as Hockney himself has said:

The success... was due to the fact that it was popular, unlike the art which preceded it... the public is always more interested in figurative art.

But he also admits that

The success was linked to the particular spell which the media exerted at that time.

Hockney's early work was iconoclastic, witty, and openly gay. So was Hockney. The media loved him and made of him a *famous* talented young man.

As two recent exhibitions in Toronto clearly indicate, his work has changed a great deal over the years. It is not only legitimate but it is also interesting to inquire how and why.

A good case can be made that there

are two principal strains of gay literature in this century. Gay writers have tended to focus on either the "misdeeds and foibles" of the rich and glamorous — a kind of generous and fatuous social criticism, or they have explored that lumpen underbelly of society — the ghetto world of hustlers, petty-criminals, and compulsive promiscuity.

Perhaps because his work is so often *literary*, Hockney seems to straddle this same Proust-Firbank/Genet-Rechy axis.

On a formal level there is an additional dichotomy, one which Hockney himself discusses at length. There has been throughout the modern period a tension between artists of the "traditionalist" and the "avant-garde" camps. These terms, in a sense, have little meaning and are perhaps none too useful. The work of today's "traditionalist" is very like that of yesterday's "avant-gardiste."

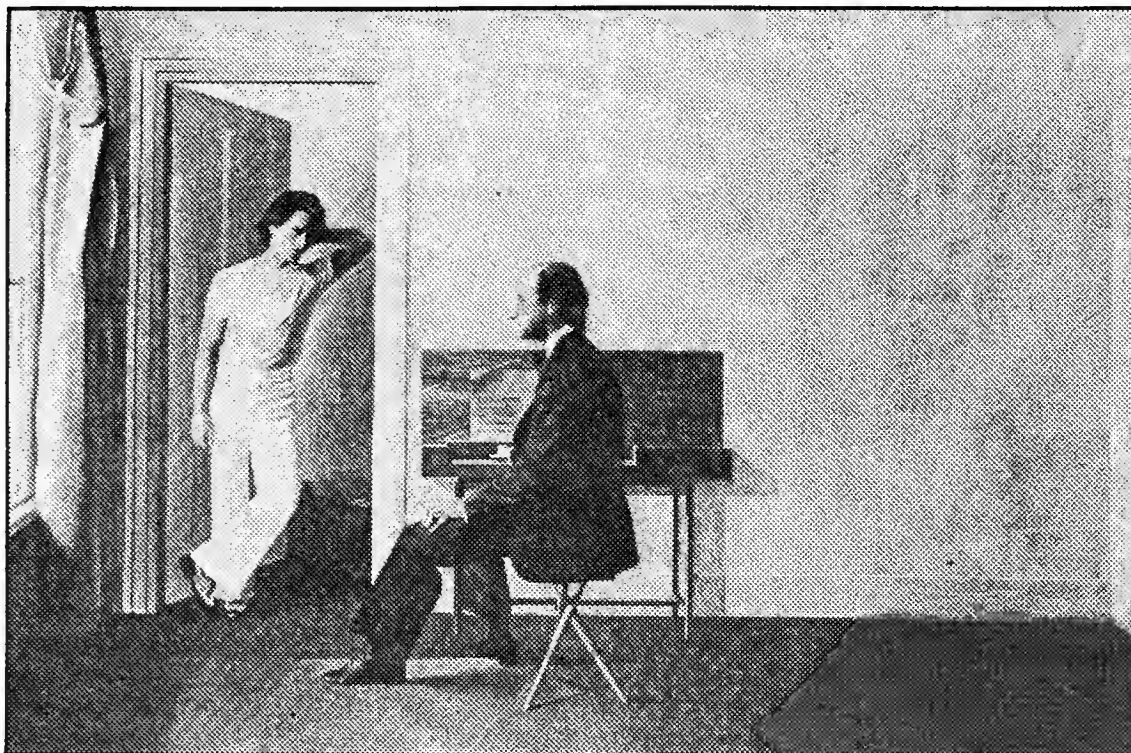
The concept of the avant-garde in a way is rather old-fashioned now — the term should be given back to the French Army.

But to Hockney the tension between the non-representational and the figurative camps is very much an issue. As a student he felt overwhelming pressures not to paint the figure. Life drawing was still something few students did. But to paint big abstracts — "That's what you've got to do." It was with great trepidation, then, that he started to paint the human figure. The fact that he liked to paint men doing unmentionable things together was far less scandalous than that he painted pictures which were about people rather than just *the issues of colour, form, flatness, and the picture plane*. Ever since then he has campaigned against what he sees as the tyranny of the Modernist academy:

The very term academic is not about style — it's really about attitudes, a drying up, a sterility. Painting is for me a form of picture-making. I'm not that interested in paintings which don't make pictures — or depict the visible world. It might be perfectly good art — it just doesn't interest me that much. I also think it doesn't interest a great number of

"David Hockney: Travels with Pen, Pencil and Ink." Art Gallery of Ontario

"Friends: Recent Lithographs by David Hockney." Mira Godard Gallery Toronto
Travels with Pen, Pencil and Ink (catalogue). Petersburg Press, 1978. \$30



"American Boys Showering," 1963; "George Lawson and Wayne Sleep," (1975); (overleaf) "Model with Unfinished Self Portrait," 1977.

people as well. But that doesn't matter. I mean it can be a minority art. There are minority arts.

Hockney sees himself as a popular artist, and periodically rushes into print tilting at the windmills of Modernism. And yet, today his work is very involved with many of the superficial signifiers of the art of this century. He plays with every cliché, from Cubist motifs to the stained canvas technique of the colour field painters.

Hockney's early work is rooted in the British modernist figurative tradition of Keith Vaughn and Francis Bacon (both gay). It is derived from such sources as the poetry of Whitman and Cavafy, public toilet graffiti, Hogarth, and Egyptiana. It is unabashedly concerned with gay sex, and rendered in a comic, vital and Modernist style. It was this outrageous iconoclasm which defined the architecture of Hockney's image. That earlier "style" has been replaced by what one critic has called "a kind of nineteenth-century salon art refurbished from the stockroom of Modernism." Hockney significantly refers to this more recent work of the Seventies as "naturalistic."

Well actually, I think the most significant change since 1967 or 1966 is that it's gotten more and more naturalistic or more conventional. I wanted the paintings to be clearer, more specific really.... I really don't want that vagueness anymore.

To me, moving into more naturalism was a freedom. I thought if I want to, I could paint a portrait, this is what I meant by freedom.... I could do a drawing of someone... I could even paint a strange little abstract picture. It would all fit into any concept of painting as an art. A lot of painters can't do that — their concept is completely different. It's too narrow.... To me a lot of painters were trapping themselves.

A lot of Modernist art is too into itself. It is about issues people aren't interested in....

The art that relates to human beings, to their passions, is what pleases people. It's the passion people recognize.

But is Hockney's recent art passionate? When one listened to the comments of the crowds in the galleries of the Art Gallery of Ontario, most people didn't like the early *passionate* works; rather, they were fascinated by the skill of his *naturalism* — his ability to observe and depict what he saw, and his facility, his craft.

The terms naturalism and realism have similar but distinct meanings. Hockney says he is a naturalist — a term connoting uncritical, dispassionate observation. Realism, on the other hand, connotes an attempt to depict how things are, not how they seem to be. It is an

attempt to depict reality, and implies a critical worldview.

Over the years, Hockney has become preoccupied with representing, through portraits of his friends, a cool glamorous lifestyle: the world of *Interview* magazine; the never-never-land we encounter everyday through advertising; the "if you use this shampoo, you'll have a wonderful sex life" or "if you smoke these cigarettes everyone will think you drive a Rolls" world, so well documented in John Berger's splendid *Ways of Seeing*. Does Hockney's appeal derive from the same aspect of fantasy? A fair question.

Maybe I'm an old-fashioned artist, an un-

committed artist. I see the world with a certain detachment. I try and keep uncommitted, a slight distance, a bit like Diaghilev wearing white gloves to avoid contamination. Perhaps that is what you mean by my cold impersonality.

There is a quadrilateral, centrifugal tension in Hockney's work — the Proust-Firbank / Genet-Rechy axis and the modernist/naturalist matrix. This whirling, banging, construction of contradictions occupies the space between what one writer has called Hockney's "once upon a time" (his early passionate and Modernist work) and his "happily ever after" (a hoped-for synthesis of these tendencies in the

mature work of a very talented artist). There can be no doubt of Hockney's talent. But his ambition to make art which appeals to a wide sector of society, to be popular, to be passionate, is limited by his naturalism and populism.

His friend Henry Geldzahler, formerly of The Metropolitan Museum and now New York City Commissioner of Cultural Affairs, has written: "In the early Seventies Hockney's technical facility grew to such a degree that it frightened him into pulling back.... He achieved such heights of naturalism and finish that a sentimentality and anecdotal quality in the subject matter threatened to undermine the paintings' formal strengths."

There is a rational basis for hope that Hockney can extricate himself from his quagmire. The majority of the prints in the Mira Godard Gallery exhibition — lithographs from the suite entitled "Friends" — seem to be in that vein that prompted Albert Hunt to quote the line from Cole Porter about "goldfish in the privacy of bowls" and remark that Hockney and friends were "swimming around in the tank while the house collapses around them." But there is at least one clear exception. The brilliant, passionate drawing of "Gregory Reclining" seems to suggest that a synthesis is possible. A few of the etchings in the recent *Blue Guitar* suite, and some recent paintings, seem to transcend his meanderings through the rag and bone shop of art history. Perhaps it is too soon to tell. We will have to wait and see if young Davy makes it to his "happily ever after."

Bruce Russell □

BOOKS

I'm forever chasing Rimbauds

A Lover's Cock and Other Gay Poems by Arthur Rimbaud and Paul Verlaine. Gay Sunshine Press, 1979. \$3.95.

Heterosexual treatment of gay art is similar to heterosexual treatment of gay people: the art, like the people, becomes invisible. It seems to be an intolerable thought that such an art, springing from the well of a gay consciousness, can exist; and the greater the art — great to the point where it cannot be ignored, as in the poetry of Arthur Rimbaud — the greater the drive to make it palatable to the heterosexual mind. The artist often emerges without a sex. And this is precisely what has happened to Arthur Rimbaud.

Rimbaud, the "poète extraordinaire," the "poète maudit," is one of those figures whose poetry, as great and complex as it is, must compete with the complexity and the unfathomable mystery of the man himself.

This is as true today as it was in the latter decades of nineteenth century Paris, when public consciousness, bewitched by *Une Saison en Enfer*, looked for its creator and found he had gone. Aside from *Illuminations*, written a year after *Une Saison en Enfer* in 1874 but not published until 1886, he wrote no more poetry. *Illuminations*, when it did appear, reported its author as being "the late Arthur Rimbaud." He died five years later.

By that time his work had set the literary world on its ear. Together with Charles Baudelaire and Paul Verlaine, he helped shatter the hold of the Parnassian school on the poetry of the time. He was one of the first symbolists. He was a revolutionary.

Every major poet of the twentieth century stands in his debt. Astonishingly enough, he abandoned poetry when he was twenty-one years old. (Contacted years later in Africa by Paul Verlaine, and told of the success of *Une Saison en Enfer*, he wrote back "merde à mes poésies.") He was gay.

It is his gayness that stands at the heart of the mystery of his flight from his lover, Paul Verlaine, and from his art, his country, and finally the whole of Western civilization. And it is the concealment of his gayness (by ostensibly heterosexual intellectuals) in the biographies that followed his death which has led to the perpetuation of the myth of the artist who turned his back on everyone and everything, and died tragically young because of it — all without apparent reason.

The need for this myth would be understandable had his homosexuality not been known, but even during his lifetime the nature of his relationship with Verlaine was common knowledge, at least in the literary demi-monde of Paris where they lived. Indeed, Verlaine's wife filed suit for separation in 1872 because of it. Besides this (for those who still didn't believe the rumours), there existed a series of gay poems, collected here in *A Lover's Cock*, that Rimbaud and Verlaine wrote both together and separately. The poems resulting from this collaboration were published privately in 1923. Verlaine's first openly gay poetry was published during his lifetime in *Parallèlement* in 1894.

Oddly enough, it is not just heterosexual society that has thrown up the smokescreen around Rimbaud. Paul Verlaine initiated the idea of Rimbaud as

"maudit," the damned one, by publishing his former lover's poems in a collection entitled *Les Poètes Maudits*. Fed by rumours of their dissipated life together, and the subject matter of *Une Saison en Enfer*, the public gradually came to accept the idea of Rimbaud's tragic

Rimbaud drawn by Verlaine, 1872.



"damnation" and loss. How else could such a stupendous prodigy be accounted for? What else could explain his renunciation? Rimbaud embodied the myth of Faust. The public ate it up. So did I. I discovered Rimbaud when I was twenty-one, perhaps a critical age for anyone to come upon him. I fancied myself "maudit." I was duped. For more information on his life I turned to Enid Starkie's *Arthur Rimbaud*, (1946), the definitive English biography, and I came out of it with little notion of his homosexuality. That he and Verlaine had an intense and troubled friendship was about as close to it as I could get. Dr Starkie, while not actually adding to the "damned" aspect of Rimbaud, did not discount it.

My initial feeling after reading *A Lover's Cock*, published this year by Gay Sunshine Press, was one of anger. I became aware of the deception. I knew I had been fooled. Here, for the first time in English, is a collection of their gay poetry in an edition readily accessible to all. That they were published earlier in various guises had to have been known by writers of the stature of Enid Starkie and Louise Varèse. That they chose to ignore them puts the entire body of their work on these men into question. They were irresponsible, not only to Rimbaud and Verlaine, but to the reading public at large, straight and gay. Speaking hypothetically now, something of this magnitude can only be compared to a suppression of Byron's poems on his half-sister Augusta's cunt, or perhaps Wordsworth praising Dorothy's tits in gentle Anglican sonnets. In the straight world this would not have happened. This sort of thing is what biographers fight for. And yet, because the gayness of the poems in *A Lover's Cock* contradicts the idea that heterosexuals want to hold, it is not taken seriously. If it were, they'd have to admit they liked the work of gay people; that it was every bit as good, if not better, than that of straight writers; that there was nothing wrong with it. It might lead to the acceptance and the legitimacy of the reality of gay people. And that would never do!

A Lover's Cock is an extremely important book. It helps to set straight the record on two gay men whom people can proudly claim as their own. It's time to bring the boys back home. I did.

Douglas Kreiner □

Money and daddy

Capitalist Patriarchy and the Case for Socialist Feminism edited by Zillah R Eisenstein. Monthly Review Press, 1979. \$7.50.

Class or sex? Which defines the world of oppression? This question is constantly discussed in progressive circles, but it is only recently that socialist feminists and others have shown how the question itself is a false one obscuring our vision of oppression and liberation. The modern feminist revolt exploded the narrow confines of the economic and class analysis commonly found in the male-dominated Left by indicating how it failed to include the many dimensions of women's oppression. Feminism and gay liberation showed dramatically how the politics of our sexual and personal lives were emerging from the shadows to the centre of the stage of modern political conflict.

While socialism has focused on class and the antagonism between boss and workers, radical feminism in the women's movement focuses on the unique features of female bondage in the family, the relations resulting from the

reproductive process, and all the manifestations of patriarchal domination. Both of these visions contain much of our life experience but they tend, in isolation, to dichotomize our view of the world. They perpetuate the division in our lives between the "public" exploitation of the wage labour force, and the "private" oppression of women by men and the concomittant degradation of our sexual affairs. They prevent us from seeing how all forms of injustice fit together and reinforce each other.

Socialist feminism, on the other hand, is a part of the women's movement which is attempting to integrate these viewpoints. In the socialist feminist view, our lives are coloured by our position both in the class system and in the sexual hierarchy. *Capitalist Patriarchy and the Case for Socialist Feminism* is an important contribution to both feminist and socialist theory, in that it collects aspects of the socialist feminist discussion in the US. The book contains essays exploring the different dimensions of a growing socialist feminist vision. Topics include: feminism as a model for all revolutionary change, the importance of female labour in the home and in the work force for the maintenance of a capitalist society, and an historical study of how male workers have on occasion acted to defend male power in society.

In developing a theory that begins to connect women's daily lives with all forms of exploitation and oppression, the contributors stress the need to go beyond the traditional socialist view of capitalism. This view has not integrated the depth and gravity of patriarchal oppression and the importance of struggle against it in the struggle for revolutionary social change. Society is not defined simply by the struggle between boss and worker, but also by the way we condition ourselves so that we appear at our boss' door each day willing to be ripped off. A definition of society must include not only the public sphere, but the private one as well. The family structure, the sexual division of labour, gender identity, and the control and regulation of sexuality (including the repression of homosexuality and lesbianism) are all fundamental to defining the system we live in. The emergence of capitalism has transformed patriarchy and rendered it essential to capitalism to reproduce its labour force and to maintain social control. Zillah Eisenstein, the editor, writes: "I choose the term capitalist patriarchy to emphasize the mutually reinforcing relation between capitalist class structure and hierarchical sexual structure."

Socialist feminists project a theory growing out of experience and activity which can develop a vision of total social change, integrating the battle against patriarchy with the battle against class exploitation. Unfortunately, aside from useful remarks by Linda Gordon and Nancy Chodorow, one of the least explored areas is lesbian and gay oppression and its relation to capitalist patriarchy. This remains the weak link in the emergence of socialist feminism. Lesbians and gay men must criticize this gap and at the same time help fill it with contributions drawn from our own experience. In spite of this, socialist feminism provides us with a general framework in which we can understand the oppression of female sexuality, and by the same token all forms of sexual oppression. By using this perspective we can see how the struggle against the tyranny of enforced heterosexuality is crucial to the success of any social change.

While new and innovative feminist theory such as that found in *Capitalist Patriarchy* is being produced, gay men have been strangely silent. In the early days of the Gay Liberation Fronts, gay men expressed solidarity with feminism and specified our enemies to be sex roles and the family structure. Since then we have tended to move towards trying to gain acceptance in capitalist patriarchy. We have retreated from our radical roots, at the same time as feminism has deepened its criticism and broken new ground. We are under attack from right-wing, anti-gay and anti-feminist forces across North America. The forces attacking our rights are the very ones that wish to re-establish strict patriarchal control. It is time to rediscover how deeply rooted the opposition to us is,

and to begin to chart a new way forward to our liberation.

For those gay men who have been searching for a way to connect our experience to that of feminism and socialism, *Capitalist Patriarchy* provides a perspective from which to examine our social and political practice. It allows us to see that our opposition is grounded in the social/sexual division of labour, which necessitates heterosexual domination. For liberation we need not only legal reforms, but profound social change. A radical programme for change that fully includes our freedom has yet to be articulated, but this collection of essays is an important first step in overcoming the dichotomies that have fragmented our lives.

Gary Kinsman □



Crystal Eastman: using humour and concrete images instead of dead clichés.

Please don't kiss the dictograph

Crystal Eastman: Women and Revolution.

Edited by Blanche Wiesen Cook. Oxford University Press, 1978. \$6.75.

Even in feminist households, Crystal Eastman is not a household name. But, as this recent anthology shows, her undeserved obscurity is simply due to the hit-and-miss fashion in which our herstory is growing. Eastman was an extremely articulate and courageous woman deeply involved in the political struggles of her time (1881-1928): her forceful and often ironic words on socialism, pacifism and feminism still ring true today.

Blanche Cook has done a great deal of research on Eastman and her world, and it is unfortunate that space considerations prevent her from giving us more than a 38-page introduction — she clearly has more goodies to offer. Her selection of Eastman's writings, consisting mainly of newspaper articles, is excellent: there is a balance between topics which are relevant today (eg wages for housework) and topics of historical interest (eg the suffrage movement), and between "hard" politics and questions of lifestyle.

One of the few left-wing activists to see, even in the heady years after 1917, that a communist revolution will not necessarily free women, Eastman wrote (in 1920): "But the true feminist, no matter how far to the left she may be in the revolutionary movement, sees the woman's battle as distinct in its objects and different in its methods from the workers' battle for industrial freedom... The proletarian dictatorship may or may not free women." Reading this and similar passages, one wonders how different the history of the North American left would have been, had the parties listened to this remarkable daughter of two Congregational ministers.

Her keen insights, moreover, were not confined to the realm of politics. In a 1923 article in *Cosmopolitan* she argued that married couples might benefit from living apart, and to the prudish objections about ensuring fidelity she answered as follows: "When a husband goes off to work in the morning, does he *know* that his wife is not going to neglect her children and make love to the plumber? And as for the poor wife, how can she know that her breadwinner is not spending the entire morning kissing the stenographer, unless she squanders what she has saved up for the children's winter coats on a dictograph?"

This forthright style (which, unlike most left-wing prose, uses humour and concrete images instead of dead clichés) wounded the sensibilities not only of male chauvinists but even of less radical women. As Blanche Cook suggests, perhaps it was Eastman's refusal to latch on to a single respectable cause, embracing instead a global perspective in which birth control, the vote, economic equality, and socialism were all important feminist goals, that has been responsible for her obscurity. And, now that the feminist movement is once more making links with other struggles — anti-nuclear movements, trade unions, etc — Crystal Eastman is sure to gain her rightful place as "another lost fore-sister," in Adrienne Rich's words.

One final note — is there anything of specific interest to lesbians in this book? Well, Eastman was apparently quite heterosexual, but, as Cook states, she was definitely "a woman-identified woman." She did not see women as one big heap of helpless beings, but as real people with physical bodies that ought to feel good from the inside, not just look good from the outside. Writing to support the new short-hair fashions,

Crystal Eastman asks: "Have you ever sat behind a bobbed-haired girl on top of a London bus and seen her suddenly pull off her hat with a gesture of joy and relief to let the wind blow through her hair? She isn't doing it to show off, she is doing it for the glad sense of freedom it gives her." Now, was someone on that bus not pretty close to being a dyke?

Mariana Valverde □

Schlock treatment

Manhattan by Neal Travis. Crown Publishers (General in Canada), 1979. \$12.50.

"My mother," Philippa informed us, "says *Quo Vadis?* is trash."

I was thirteen when my best friend's girl uttered this chilling bit of criticism, a lofty and impressive put-down with considerable moral weight behind it. About the same time my father caused me untold mortification when he made me return a copy of *Mad Magazine* to the corner drugstore. The message was the same in both cases. Material like this was reprehensible and corrupting. Schlock

was to be shunned.

You can't blame them, I suppose: unsophisticated people who were raising kids in the Fifties had to have some response to the excesses of popular culture. It wasn't until Andy Warhol's movies and Pauline Kael's essays came along that I gave myself permission to enjoy junk. "So what are you going to see tonight?" Bob's mother wanted to know. "*Trash*," we told her. "I know, I know," she said. "But what's the name of the picture?"

Our parents worried that consuming questionable books and shows would warp our morals. The real peril was that they might dull our taste for the refinements of art. As it turned out, our liberal educations put us in danger of scorning cheap thrills out of snobbery. If you don't fall into that trap you begin, perversely, to wish that pulp novels contained more graceful writing....

The prose of Neal Travis has none of the grace that you'll find in Raymond Chandler, or even James M Cain. It's Movie-of-the-Week fare, swift and punchy, alternately dosed with tirades

and sex acts. Minor players spill their life histories eagerly and without discretion in moments of postcoital abandon. A number of big publishing figures are slightly fictionalized. Here and there a real-life celebrity pops in, like Ed Sullivan in *Bye, Bye, Birdie*, to lend a little trumped-up authenticity to the locale.

Manhattan is trash, all right — sensational entertainment and instantly disposable. It proves once more how simple it is to write a successful formula novel with a throwaway plot if you load it with information. We like to learn things; we like to go places. And Travis, a writer formerly on the *New York Post* and *New York* magazine, gives us the Gotham of grasping publishers and upwardly-striving journalists who gather at all the best watering holes: Elaine's, "21," Studio 54. We even get to take in a brief display of fistfucking at The Anvil (here known as The Hammer) because Jamie, a gossip columnist and gay, is researching Mafia links to gay clubs for a *New York*-style exposé. He occasions some helpful explaining of gay lifestyles for the benefit (not to mention ti-

tillation) of non-gay readers.

A conservative gay, Jamie is the warmest character in the book. He comes out to one colleague while consoling her on the suicide of her son. "I know you're gay," Myrna tells him, "You'd almost have to be, to be as caring as you are about people." Positive stuff, and not unlike a *Time* reporter's admission, made after researching their cover story last spring: "My biggest surprise was to discover how much heterosexuals could learn from homosexuals about closeness and warmth and communication." You know it, I know it; for straight readers of *Time* or *Manhattan*, trash or no trash, it's this season's fresh insight into the human condition.

David Roche □

Once more with style

All True Lovers by Sarah Aldridge. Naiad Press, 1978. \$6.75.

This novel, written in the "homo-harlequin" tradition, follows a typical girl meets girl formula. Andrea Hollingsworth, attractive, bright, middle-class, under the wing of a cold, domineering mother meets Isobel Essory, attractive, bright, working class, victimized by an unsavoury home life, when both are in their teens. The plot covers the period from high school to college graduation and revolves around the growth of their relationship through adolescence and into early adulthood. Various obstacles of the classic kind impede their love. For example, attempted rape, nuns, a car accident, tuberculosis, forced separation, poverty and espionage, must all be overcome before Andy and Bel can live together in peace. The message is: "Determination and compromise coupled with 'true love' will conquer all."

As with her other novels, Aldridge seems relentless in burdening romance with overdone trials, tribulations and stilted dialogue. In doing so she has written another mediocre lesbian soap opera.

The back cover indicates a story set in the "Great Depression" and our curiosity is raised as to the importance such an historical period will play in the novel. Unfortunately, it plays very little and the only "great depression" is the book itself. A story of two lesbians against the world should have good potential, but I found myself bored and barely able to finish reading the book. It occurred to me that I, perhaps, was not representative of the readership Aldridge may have intended — that of adolescent gay women. Even if this is correct, some young lesbians who read this story may be justified in feeling that their intelligence has been insulted.

Don't get me wrong, I really enjoy a good romance every once in a while, but if a novelist is going to write one, let it at least be written in full romantic style. If Sarah Aldridge was a Barbara Cartland, she'd have it made.

Heather Ramsay □

FILM

Will the real monster please stand up?

La Cage aux Folles directed by Edouard Molinaro. United Artists, 1979.

Somewhere in the middle of this frequently hilarious, sometimes heart-breaking film, a baroquely effeminate character called Albin throws up his hands in exasperation at his inability to appear even modestly conventional, and cries, "I am a monster! A monster!"

He isn't. As played by Michel Serrault, Albin is a wonderfully camp confection, so warmly played as never to be entirely ludicrous, and so certain of his comic powers that even his eyebrows can put an entire scene on hold.

There is a monster in this movie, however, though he will not be recognized as such. The normative centre of this frantically paced French farce, Laurent is a blandly sweet young man, the product of a short-lived heterosexual indiscretion on the part of Albin's longtime lover and partner, Renato (played by Italian star Ugo Tognazzi). Together, Albin and Renato run La Cage aux Folles, a St Tropez nightclub featuring transvestite performers. The plot is set in motion when Renato's son announces to his distraught father that not only is he going to marry, he's engaged to marry a woman. Matters are further complicated by the fact that the girl's mother and father are moral rearmament types, and that they are planning a pre-nuptial visit to the boy's "parents." When you realize that Renato and Albin live in a rather feverishly frou-frou apartment serviced by a young black man who favours frilly aprons, panty hose, and little else, you can see the potential for farce.

Farce is a delicate thing. It cannot engage real feelings. It can offer people you love to love, and people you love to hate, but a more direct claim on the emotions can only clot its headlong pace. Evelyn Waugh understood this. When he dispatches Mary Mouse in *Vile Bodies*, all for the sake of a one-liner, the reader is thrilled as much by its heartlessness as by its humour.

Writer Jean Poirot may have intended Renato and Albin to be uncomplicated stereotypes of the aging, effeminate homosexual, but the characters are so warmly realized by Tognazzi and Serrault, so lovingly crafted, so delicate-



Camping in St Tropez: Albin meets the in-laws

ly built detail by detail from the inside, that one finally cares rather deeply about these two men and the life they have built together over a 20-year relationship.

Because one cares, actions that would otherwise simply impel the plot along its antic way seem curiously harsh and wounding, and the son, an otherwise bland, stock character, becomes the monster I mentioned. All he asks is that Renato send Albin away for the period of the potential in-laws' visit, and that he redecorate the apartment somewhat more astringently, but the effect is devastating. The action summarizes the whole history of homosexuality in a heterosexual world — there is the smug, bland superiority of the son, certain that his way is the way of the world and rightly so, the amused tolerance with which he regards the two men, the ease with which he dismantles the apartment (and the relationship), the contempt as he slowly smears along the wall makeup he has rubbed from his father's face. Renato and Albin protest, there are scenes, there is weeping, Renato says something brave about knowing what he is and accepting it — but at every point they surrender. In those brief and almost unbearably painful moments, one understands much of our social history — a history of small accommodations, concessions, sacrifices made by us so that their world might have its way.

I do not much like violence in movies, but I would have watched happily if the son had been slowly disembowelled.

To be fair, I must record that few people have had so marked a reaction to

those scenes, and that by the end of the film I had half forgotten them myself in the exhilaration of watching Albin and Renato finally take devastating control of the plot, and set the action's hilarious dénouement on *their* terms. There is a particularly brilliant grace note near the end when one realizes that even the priest performing the marriage ceremony is swooping one of us.

That delighted the largely straight audience as much as it did me, but there were all too many occasions when one had to endure an audience convulsed by some minor effeminacies. The people I've talked to about this movie (and it is the film being discussed these days) have been unanimous in wishing they could have seen it with an all-gay audience. One grew bored at spotting the suburbs in the theatre by locating the patches of inappropriate hilarity. Straight people still seem to find role reversal so threatening (or so tantalizing) that they'll laugh themselves silly if a man so much as sashays across the stage.

I have said there is a monster in this movie. At some level, of course, we need our monsters. Children know that — private terrors need a public substance, a habitation and a name. How else would one know where to go to kill them? But, buoyed as I was by the final moments of *La Cage aux Folles*, I left the cinema with the disquieting feeling that my monsters are living in other people's homes — and that they are welcome there.

Not even a brilliant farce can make me feel very good about that.

Gerald Hannon □

Our Image contributors

Ron Dayman is a Montreal activist who writes for *Le Berdache*. John D'Emilio has been on the West Coast researching the early history of the American gay movement. Tim Guest reviews art for *Centerfold* magazine. Gerald Hannon is a collective member of TBP and a part-time wedding photographer. Gary Kinsman is into revolutionary politics and Bambi sexuality. Douglas Krainer lives on James Bay. Heather Ramsay insists that there is life north of Bloor St. David Roche is loved by all who know him. Bruce Russell is an artist and activist working on a book on gay identity in the 19th century. James Tennyson is sulking because he wasn't credited last issue. Mariana Valverde is preparing a discussion of lesbian fiction for the CBC.



Coping with the common mold

The Law and Sexuality: How to Cope With the Law if You're not 100% Conventionally Heterosexual by Steve Cohen, Stephanie Green, Lesley Merryfinch, Gay Jones, Janet Slade, Maggie Walker. Grass Roots Books, Ltd and the Manchester Law Centre, 1978. No price available.

The Law and Sexuality is an important source of information on the legal situation of lesbians, gays, transvestites and transsexuals in England. It is written in an easily accessible style, with plenty of practical advice on how to deal with the law. Among the topics covered are: marriage and divorce, custody, adoption, dismissal from employment, the Mental Health Act, censorship, and the Criminal Code.

Of particular note is the progressive outlook adopted by the book's authors. Close attention is given to the effect of the law on women, transsexuals, transvestites and young people, topics which are all too often lacking in writings on the legal situation of gays. Moreover, the authors are not afraid to interpret the assumptions behind the laws so that we are better prepared to fight them. In their view the basic legal assumption is "the supposed dependency of women on men, both in a general and in a sexual sense." Gay men, they claim, threaten this same order because they "challenge the sexual dominance of men over women." Heterosexual behaviour (ie, coitus) is "natural," everything else is "unnatural." Sexuality has no place in work situations, and all gay people are seen as sexual predators.

Needless to say, most of the information is not of use to Canadians because of the different, though similar, legal systems. Some interesting differences: no formal law was ever adopted in Britain against lesbian sexual activity (in Canada this happened in the early Fifties), and in Britain homosexuality is not a specific cause for divorce. But the assumptions behind both pieces of legislation are certainly the same.

The Law and Sexuality provides the British reader with the reference work that the American Civil Liberties Union handbook *The Rights of Gay People* did for the Americans. While it is less comprehensive than the latter, it is more readable and does not hesitate to explain the ideology behind the laws. When will we have such a guide in Canada?

Ron Dayman

Mid-century chronicle

A Gay Diary by Donald Vining. The Pepys Press, 1979. \$11.95

Several times during my adolescence I began a diary. I would embark upon the venture with great enthusiasm, looking on the journal as a very special friend to whom I could tell everything, who would accept my feelings and my thoughts with sympathy and understanding. None of the efforts lasted for more than a few weeks. When it came time to put in the words I most cared about and what preoccupied my waking hours — my emerging awareness that I was a homosexual — I stopped abruptly. I was afraid that someone, my mother or father, would violate my privacy and discover my secret.

Fortunately for all of us, Donald Vining had no such reservations. At the age of eight he started his first journal, and by early adolescence it had become a daily habit. *A Gay Diary* spans the years from 1933, when Vining was a 15-year-old high school student in a small town outside Philadelphia, to 1946, when he was a struggling writer, living in New York City and embarking upon his first long-term relationship with another man.

A Gay Diary is, unquestionably, the richest historical document of gay male life in the United States that I have encountered. It is both more than gay and more than a diary. It chronicles a whole life in which homosexuality is but one part and an ever-changing part at that. And, it illuminates a critical period in gay male American history.

We first encounter Vining in 1933 as an awkward, introspective teenager, sometimes cocky and sometimes unsure of himself, living with his mother in a small Pennsylvania town. His mother, a cigar-smoking woman with intense attachments to her female friends (much later, she comes out to Vining and his lover!), can barely support them by selling encyclopedias. The Depression is an

inescapable presence, as they are locked out of one apartment after another and are often ill from lack of food. Poverty forces Vining out of several colleges until he finally lands a New Deal youth job. About his homosexuality he says little and does nothing, though clearly he knows and accepts himself: after hearing a eulogy on love by a radio psychologist he writes, "Something in my brain clicked and I at once decided never to feel furtive in my love affairs." He remained consistently true to his word.

During his years at a state teachers college and then at Yale, work preoccupies him. He loves acting and writing and it is easy to share his enthusiasm. His feelings about work run much deeper than the frustrations of falling in love with a straight friend. Surprisingly, Vining is fairly open about his homosexuality, a posture made easier by his "self-satirizing." For a brief time he considers "reformation," until a straight male friend tells him "not to worry about public opinion if I feel I'm right, that I have as much right to love my own sex and make advances as any fellow has to like girls." At age 22, he has his first sexual experience: "After years of talking, longing, and pretending to be the worst homosexual roué in forty states, I have at last had my first homosexual affair. The experience did wonders for me. I feel as tho I grew two inches higher today."

By far the most absorbing pages of *A Gay Diary* cover World War II. Until then, we are reading about the life of one anonymous gay American. But the account of the war years opens up a whole new vista of gay male history and suggests that World War II was, perhaps, a watershed in our history.

When the war began, Vining was about to graduate from Yale. He returns to his mother's home in New Jersey and works at the canteen at Fort Dix. Surrounded by men, he becomes more conscious that this all-male world offers

abundant opportunities for sexual encounters. When the draft rejects him because of his homosexuality, he moves to New York. At first he works in a department store, but soon lands a job in a YMCA. Soldiers and sailors on leave fill the place and Vining shows us a world in which homosexual behaviour is pervasive: servicemen who are gay, servicemen who are not but are receptive to the experience, and others who are trade and who are all too ready to rob and assault their innocent partners. One begins to sense how the sex-segregated nature of a fully mobilized society — which takes millions of men away from their families, which allows lots of gay men to meet many others, and which leads countless numbers of "straight" men to experience homosexual relations — could lead both to the increased repression of the McCarthy era and to the birth of an organized gay movement.

The war years are illuminating for other reasons. The transition from small town to metropolis introduces Vining to the gay male subculture. His sexual encounters rapidly become less self-conscious, more matter-of-fact. He develops a circle of gay male friends and one can see quite clearly how important friendship networks are for survival. The familiar dichotomy among gay men between friends and sexual partners, and the moral strictures against sleeping with the lover of a friend become explicable: friends are too important to risk losing through jealousy or the vagaries of musical beds.

As I finished reading *A Gay Diary* I thought: a few more of these and we could reconstruct a wonderfully rich history of the gay male experience.

A word of warning: *A Gay Diary* is difficult reading at first. You'll be plunged into an unfamiliar life, and the writing of a 15-year-old is neither compelling nor elegant. But Vining won my attention and as his life unfolded I was with him all the way.

John D'Emilio

The address of the Pepys Press is:
1270 Fifth Ave, NYC 10029 USA

ART

Just desserts

"Male à la Mode" by Andy Fabo. A Space Gallery, Toronto.

Andy Fabo paints portraits, but not the usual images of friends or public personalities. Instead he paints his fantasies: cartoon brutes, slightly larger than life, leering and flexing ironically across the canvas like so many Village People on the morning after. His exhibition at A Space last June revealed more than a glorification of the macho man: it was a deliberate attempt to define in pictures a gay sensibility, a common attitude towards sexual imagery.

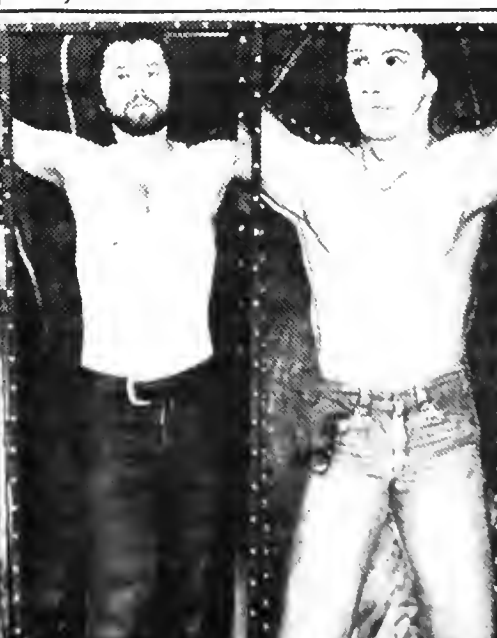
The show focussed on 16 painted portraits, along with a series of drawings and colour xeroxes. All the paintings depict men posed the same way: framed at the calves and forearms, legs planted apart and arms at 8:20 like cut-out dolls. And all are dressed the same in fetish blue jeans, real ones, glued onto their painted bodies over real (stuffed) underwear. The backgrounds vary according to the corny image of the figure, from satanic orange flames to real black leather with studs, but each background is uniformly flat without perspective, complementing the 3-dimensionality of the bodies.

The fantasy guys are all characterized as mildly narcissistic body-builders. The deliberately crude brushwork details the

fleshy pectorals, washboard stomach, biceps and triceps. Eyes make direct contact or else drift away in fake casual abandon. A few are familiar idols (Paul Newman, John Voight), but most of the portraits are just anonymous poseurs — exhibitions in a real exhibition.

His are all fantasy images, corny and overblown notions of sex appeal. It is the irony that makes them believable: each figure is the sultry Adonis who only looks good in half-lighting. Despite all their hokey perfection, flaws are implied, just by the theatricality of their

Andy Fabo and a macho man



pose. They're pictures of men who like to dress up and act out — stereotype roles perhaps, but the irony that laces through them is more a critique than a joke. They signify, finally, an awareness of self-images, facades consciously constructed in order to be desirable.

Andy is one of a small new wave of figurative painters in Toronto. This year, after more than a decade of "non-object" art (film, video, publications by artists...), picture-making is back in style with the Avant-Garde. And although trends like this are generally over-rated, Andy Fabo is on the leading edge of it — all of which makes his work look like "fresh material." These aren't "painterly" pictures. What matters isn't the formal concerns of oil painting, but the ideas, the meanings of the images.

Andy Fabo's pictures don't represent a global plan for sexual emancipation. Instead they only attempt to get across a loose attitude, a sensibility. Flatly painted, they're like icons to the latest heart-throb, the latest obsession. Here, the important point is that obsessions can't be agreed or disagreed with (politically) — rather they ought to be explored. So on this level, these paintings are useful as food for thought — and perhaps even as social research.

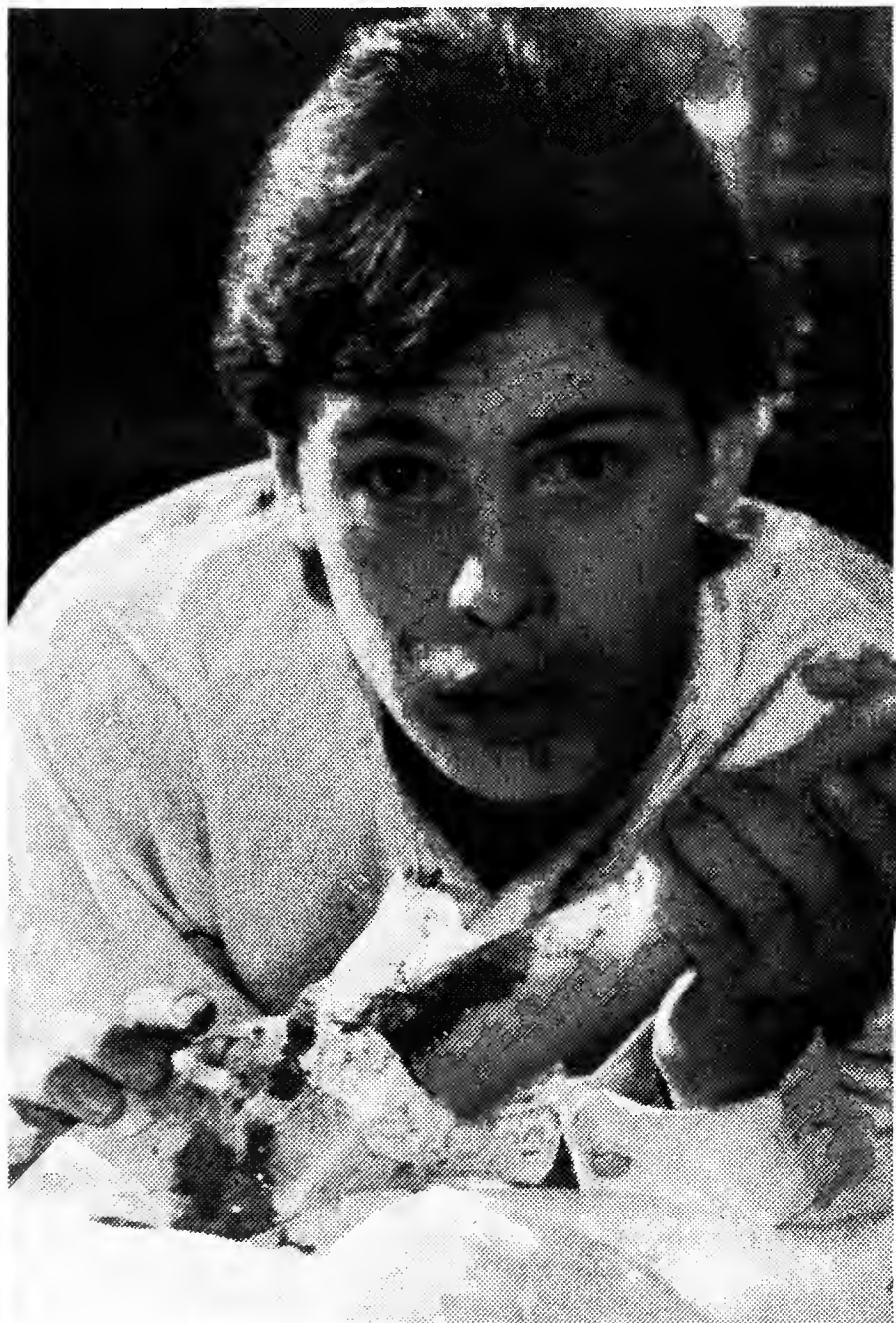
Andy will be in a show entitled "No Wave Expressionists" at the new Artforum Gallery in Toronto in mid-September.

Tim Guest

FESTIVAL
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PRESENTS

THE AMERICAN NIGHTMARE

*A Retrospective of the American Horror Film
organized by Richard Lippe and Robin Wood*



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*"The monster of the horror film is the
dramatization of all that our culture seeks to repress."*

The Ivory Tunnel

Gay Small Press by Ian Young

Evolutionary hints

Before I start raving about Tim Dlugos' new book of poems *Je Suis Ein Americano* (\$2, Little Caesar, 3373 Overland Ave, No 2, Los Angeles, CA 90034) I should declare an obvious interest as I am mentioned in it (chatting with Tim over lunch about English leg-shackles). My favourite poems here are the prose poems, including "Great Books of the 1950's." Here is "I Was A Communist For the FBI":

"You have joined the Communist Party to give inside information to the FBI. No one is aware that you are really a loyal American. Your mother dies thinking you're a Communist. Your younger brother beats you up. Even when the Communists kill your girlfriend, you can't do a thing. Finally you testify before a Congressional committee, and triumphantly watch the faces of the Communist leaders as you expose their secret plans."

Also \$2 from Little Caesar is *Travels In Abyssinia and the Harar*, a hitherto untranslated prose work by Arthur Rimbaud. Scott Bell of Toronto is the translator; there is an introduction by Dennis Cooper.

Michael Lally's *Just Let Me Do It (Love Poems 1967 - 1977)* is a diverse collection of lyrics, some written to men, some to women. It's \$3.50 from Vehicle Editions, 238 Mott St, New York City 10012.

The recent controversy over the validity and ramifications of "psychobiology" may increase the interest in the closely related theory of "human ethology" as evolved by Hungarian-born psychologist Charlotte Bach and propounded by writer Colin Wilson and gay liberationist Don Smith, the pseudonymous publisher of a number of new pamphlets from Quantum Jump Publications.

As put forward by Mr Smith, Human Ethology attempts to demonstrate that "all sexual deviations serve a purpose; they aim at the evolution of the species; they are the mainspring of evolution . . . We 'gays' need to face the fact that our safety lies only in public recognition of the part we play in the evolution of our species."

Passing over whether our right to live should depend on our being "recognized" as a factor in evolution, Quantum Jump's pamphlets, though they raise some important questions, give the impression that their authors feel stridency and repetition remove the need for any hard evidence. No such evidence is provided, though perhaps the lectures and discussions offered by the Human Ethology Society in England

will produce something more tangible.

Don Smith's other focus of interest is Biblical exegesis (one pamphlet argues that "the Angels of Sodom were male temple prostitutes"). Another tract adds some neo-Hirschfeldian categorizing: "Clearly . . . the feminine male invert's attraction to the masculinity of the masculine man cannot be homosexuality. The same goes for the attraction of the masculine female invert to the femininity of the feminine female." There is a chart in the back of the booklet with little pictures explaining this theory in all its ramifications and combinations. Try to follow it and it makes you dizzy. The pamphlets and information on the Society are available from Quantum Jump, c/o 5 Caledonian Rd, London N1, England.

A very different — and fascinating — look at gay life some years ago is *Reflections of a Part-time Lady* by Minette — the reminiscences of a drag queen and female impersonator in the late 40s through the 50s, and 60s. The book gives a valuable look at the gay drag subculture of those days, the clandestine, usually tacky clubs, the sailor bars and improvised shows.

Minette's recollections (taped and edited by Steven Watson) are often amusing: "There were a lot of inexperienced ones," s/he says of the sailors, "and they'd say 'Oh, I've never done this before.' But they did it so well. And then some of them would be more honest: 'Oh, we do it with each other on the ship, but when we get to port we look for real queens.' Nowadays, they're ashamed to wear their uniforms and I don't blame them."

"They were so dumb in Dixie," Minette recalls, "they thought a female impersonator was a woman doing impersonations and they couldn't figure out what I was doing impersonations of."

The text is liberally illustrated with photos of Minette and her friends and colleagues at work and play. No price is given but the book is available from Ray Dobbins, 57 Second Ave, New York City 10003.

Finally, for devotees of strip poker, we now have a book called *The Game of Orgy* by one Richard M Vixen. It contains "complete instructions and removable game cards" for various erotic versions of poker and canasta. I loathe table games of all descriptions, but if you do not share my aversion, this may be the book for you. It's \$1.95 from Avant-garde Creations, Eugene, Oregon 97403.

Minette with the Navy



Classifieds

FRIENDS ↗

Toronto

FEMALE, 19, would like companion to travel through Europe with. In the summer of 1980. Would like to get acquainted. Second language preferred but not necessary. Who knows maybe even a relationship? Photo please. Drawer B602.

LESBIAN POT-LUCK supper group forming. A good place to make friends, join interesting discussions and share excellent food and spirits. Will be meeting once every two weeks. Not a dating service, please! Contact us by writing "Pot-luck suppers", P.O. Box 958, Stn. F, Toronto, Ont. M4Y 2N9.

FRIENDS ↗

National

MONTREAL: GAY MALE, late twenties, straight appearance, 6', 175 lbs., seeking gay friends in Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa areas or in northeastern USA. Drawer B583.

Alberta

COMING TO CALGARY? Professional man, 40, will provide support and friendship for younger guy thinking of moving to the boom city. Interest in theatre, films, sports and travel important. All replies answered. Drawer B606.

British Columbia

VANCOUVER AREA. Looking for people interested or experienced in communal living. Drawer B586.

Montreal

GAY MALE, 44, seeks ski partner for trip to Banff or Whistler at Christmas, or trips on weekends to eastern ski areas, especially northern Vermont. Drawer B596.

Nova Scotia

HALIFAX FRIENDS wanted by gay male, 28. Friendship! No more-no less. Reply Brian Dale, Box 1297, Wolfville, N.S. B0P 1X0.

New Brunswick

STUDYING IN SAINT JOHN for the next year. Looking for kindred spirits, a buddy, a love? Will be getting an apt. in city centre and will need people to help break the fog barrier. Drawer B589.

Southern Ontario

FISHING BUDDIES WANTED. Stream waders in or near S.Ont. Write Box 214, Station M, Toronto, Ont.

WILL TRADE, honesty, sincerity, tenderness, understanding, affection and devotion. Tall, attractive, masculine, aggressive, 40 year young man likes art, crafts, plants, animals, people, the outdoors, flea markets, hikes, walking, movies, life, cuddling, kissing, sex, belonging to one person. Write me, get to know me, you might like me. Will answer all, photo appreciated. Drawer B585.

Ottawa/Eastern Ontario

BELLEVILLE AREA man looking for friends, 28 years old. Enjoys the country, music, movies. Prefer to meet people of similar age. Send photo and phone number. Tell me about yourself. Discretion assured. Drawer B601.

Toronto

ATTRACTIVE, ASSERTIVE young man (26), well-proportioned build, masculine, discreet. Seeks same for friendship. Pen pals welcomed. Drawer B597.

FRIENDLY, SINCERE, masculine gentleman, middle age, seeks mature male 30 to 60, who is easy-going, faithful, and enjoys theatre, classical music, art, museums, antiques, travel and quiet evenings, for sincere friendship which hopefully will lead to a warm, permanent relationship. Am Anglo-Saxon. Canadian born male, 5'9", with steel gray hair. Live alone in own home with many of the material things of life but no one to share them with. If you too are seriously looking please answer in confidence with phone number. Box B598.

GOOD LOOKING, slim, masculine and looking for someone really nice, who has a lot to offer. If so, I'm 5'7", 135 lbs, age 39, masculine. Considered good looking, successful and enjoy the finer things in life. Drawer B599.

OAKVILLE, YOUNG LOOKING G.W.M., 26, 5'11", 165 lbs, brown hair, blue eyes. Gentle nature but very straight appearance. Discreet. Seeks young male under 30 for friendship and possible relationship. Write with photo (if possible) and phone. Drawer B600.

FRENCH-CANADIAN, 34, 5'9", 150 lbs, looking for a lover, someone between 20-35 who has similar interests. I enjoy home life, renovating, walking, bicycling, movies and most of all, loving. I want to share the good and bad times with someone special. Please send photo and phone number. It could be the start of something great. Drawer B603.

MALE, 27 INTERESTED in getting to know you. If you are single or married and looking for love and friendship. Please enclose photo. Drawer B604.

DON'T SPEND ANOTHER FALL and winter alone. Male, 26, 5'4" interested in meeting someone 28 to 34 who really wants a one to one relationship. Non-smoker preferred. I like moustaches. Let's meet. Drawer B605.

INTELLIGENT, PROFESSIONAL male, 28, 5'9", 150 lbs, wishes to meet sexually aggressive Toronto male, 25-35, for regular encounters, perhaps, but not necessarily leading to permanent relationship. Looking for dominant, intelligent, financially secure person with honesty and humour. Box 567, Station K, Toronto M4P 2G9.

MASCULINE, ATTRACTIVE MALE, early thirties, dark hair, moustache, 5'11", 175 lbs. Would like to hear from masculine males 25-35 yrs, interested in friendship or possible relationship. Interests include travel, live theatre, music, racketball and sailing. Drawer B593.

I HAVE MANY BLACK FRIENDS and would like more. I'm a gay, white male, educated, active and well adjusted, who is fascinated by black culture. We can learn something from each other. If you are visiting or living in Toronto, please get in touch. Drawer B573.

ATTRACTIVE, GAY MALE 28, 5'10", 148 lbs, dk. hair and moustache would like to meet new friends for good times and friendship. Enjoy a variety of interests and especially the company of good people. Drawer B591.

HONEST, NON-VAIN, FRIENDLY, outgoing, intelligent and broad-minded youth wanted by 22 year-old for friendship. No one-night stander! Drawer B592.

OK! I CONFESS! I'm a classical music nut. I admire Callas, Klemperer, Szigeti, Casals, Fischer-Dieskau, Lipatti, Furtwängler, Chaliapin and Landowska; my heart belongs to Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin, Schoenberg, Mahler and three born under my sun sign (Taurus): Brahms, Tchaikovsky and (the notorious-but-he's-forgiven-because-he's-so-damned-sensual) Wagner. Other interests: publishing, plants, politics, arts, business, film, the "philosophy of the individual", etc. People, too: maybe you? I've been coming out for half of my 24 years; I'd love to meet more gay men with a passion for music. If such interests interest you, and sincerity, tolerance, courage, intuition, non-materialism, etc. are important values for you, and you're Toronto based or bound, let's meet; out of town, province or country, why not write?; if RCMP or FBI, don't bother to apply! Drawer B594.

GREAT LOOKING, BLOND, 27, 5'10", 150 lbs, masculine, own house and car, would like to get together with young guys under 25 for fun times. Am easy going. Drawer B570.

"LOOKING FOR A LOVER THAT NEEDS ANOTHER." GWM, 27, 5'8", 135 lbs, masc. Fair hair and skin, blue eyes, straight acting and looking. "Just out", very open minded. Would love to hear from attractive masc. males up to 30 yrs. Interested in friendship or possible relationship. Need someone who can teach me or at least explore the pleasures of gay sex. Photo receives quick reply. Drawer B561.

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THE BODY POLITIC/39

LESBIAN AND GAY MALE SOCIALISTS who might want to be part of a nationwide network for mutual support in our struggles in the gay community around political work and in progressive parties and movements around gayness, send name and address to the ad hoc network building group from Baltimore, Philadelphia and Washington, care of Joe Stewart, 1425 Rhode Island Ave. NW Suite 203, Washington, DC 20005. Tentative but obvious network tasks could be a newsletter, a conference, a coordinated presence at the October 14 March on Washington. Comments and suggestions, names and addresses of others, and offers of help are needed and very welcome.

FORMING NEW LEATHER CLUB in Toronto. Interested parties please respond. All serious replies answered. Drawer B559.

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SPANISH CLASSES. Native language, experienced teacher. Individual or group classes. Reasonable rates. Phone 598-3159.

GAY SOCIAL SERVICES workers. Those interested in joining an association of gay men and women working in the social service field, please write Box 182, Station O, Toronto, ON M4A 2N3.

DIGNITY FOR GAY AND LESBIAN Catholics. Mass for gay community Sundays at St Paul's Catholic Church, corner of Queen and Power Streets, 4 pm. Meetings on first and third Thursdays of each month 8:00 pm in the downstairs meeting room of the St Paul's Rectory. 960-3997.

MESSAGES

HAPPY VISIT TO TORONTO, Yvonne and Rita, from their son, Gerry.

DEAR GORDON: At this rate, it now being twenty to five in the morning, I wonder if I'll reach Wednesday. See you then. Love, Rick

TRAVEL

VISITING LONDON? Get Gaypack London. Details of London gay-scene. Gay guide and temp membership of Festival Club & Burlington Health Club free drink voucher. Send 5 dollars to GCE-International, 2 Brydges Place, London WCN 4MP England. Accommodation and other details available.

VISITING HOLLYWOOD? Want sincere, masculine friend for sharing, good times? Chuck Philips, 7007 Los Tilos Road, LA, CA, 90068.

VISITING GREAT BRITAIN. Gay Switch-board, Britain's 24 hr phone service. Information and entertainments guide on. (01) 837 7324.

WORK

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appointment, phone: 767-8330, evenings and weekends.

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The Community Page is a listing of gay groups in Canada and Quebec which primarily direct themselves toward alleviating or struggling against gay oppression. It includes: democratically constituted organizations, cooperatively-run clubs and community centres, bookstores which sell gay and feminist literature, and non-profit gay periodicals.

Organizations wishing to be listed, or to revise information presently listed, should contact: The Body Politic Community Page, Box 7289, Station A, Toronto, ON M5W 1X9.

ALBERTA

Calgary

- **Dignity/Calgary**, Box 1492, Station T, T2H 2H7. Ph: (403) 269-7542.
- **Gay Academic Union**, Student Clubs, Rm 209, MacEwan Hall, University of Calgary, T2N 1N4.
- **Gay Information and Resources**, PO Box 2715, Stn M, T2P 3C1, Rm 321, 223 12 Ave SW. Ph: (403) 264-3911. Information and counselling Mon-Fri, 7-10 PM. Socials, discussion groups, newspaper, gay rights action.
- **Gay Youth Calgary**, c/o 702-816 4 Ave SW. Meets Thurs, 8 pm, Rm 319, 223-12 Ave SW
- **Metropolitan Community Church**, PO Box 6945, Stn D, T2P 2G2. Ph: (403) 252-8727. Services Sundays 11:30 am at Back Lot Theatre.
- **Parents of Gays and Lesbians**, c/o MCC Calgary, PO Box 6945, Stn D, T2P 2G2. Ph: (403) 252-8727.

Edmonton

- **Club 70**, 10242-106 St, T5J 1H7. Ph: (403) 423-5051
- **Dignity/Edmonton**, Box 53, T5J 2G9.
- **Edmonton Lesbian and Gay Rights Organization (ELGRO)**, Box 837, Substation 11, University of Alberta, T6G 2E0.
- **Gay Alliance Toward Equality (GATE)**, Box 1852, T5J 2P2. Office: 10144-101 St, Ph: (403) 424-8361.
- **Metropolitan Community Church**, Box 1312, T5J 2M8. Ph: (403) 432-9204.

Red Deer

- **Gay Association of Red Deer (GARD)**. PO Box 356, T4N 5E9.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Nelson

- **The gay group** here can be contacted by writing: Woodland, PO Box 326, Nelson, V1L 5R2.

Prince George

- **The gay group** in this city can be contacted through the Crisis Centre. Ph: (604) 563-1214.

Vancouver

- **Coming Out (Gay Radio)**, c/o Vancouver Cooperative Radio, 337 Carrall St, V6B 2J4.
- **Dignity/Vancouver**, Box 1036, V6B 3X5.
- **Gay Alliance Toward Equality (GATE)**, Box 1463, Station A, V6C 2P7. Ph: (604) 689-3139.
- **Gay People of Simon Fraser**, c/o Student Society, Simon Fraser Univ, Burnaby. Ph: (604) 291-3181 or 291-3111.
- **Gay People of UBC**, Box 9, Student Union Bldg, University of British Columbia, V6T 1W5. Ph: (604) 228-6781.
- **Rights of Lesbians Subcommittee, British Columbia Federation of Women**, 1730 Stephens St, V6K 3V5.
- **SEARCH Community Services**, 28-448 Seymour St, V6B 3H1. Ph: (604) 689-1039.
- **SEARCH Youth Group**, c/o SEARCH, 28-448 Seymour St, V8W 2Y2.
- **Society for Education, Action, Research and Counselling in Homosexuality (SEARCH)**, Box 48903, Bentall Centre, V7X 1A8.
- **Society for Political Action for Gay People (SPAG)**, PO Box 2631, Main PO, V6B 3W8. Ph: (604) 876-2674.

Victoria

- **Feminist Lesbian Action Group (FLAG)**, Box 237, Station E, V8W 2M6.
- **University of Victoria Gay Club**, Student Union Bldg, U of Victoria, Box 1700, V8W 2Y2.
- **WAVES**, Rights of Lesbians Subcommittee, Box 237, Stn E, V8W 2M6.

MANITOBA

Brandon

- **Gay Friends of Brandon**, Box 492, R7A 5Z4. Ph: (204) 727-2305.

Winnipeg

- **Council on Homosexuality and Religion**, Box 1912, R3C 3R2.
- **Dignity/Winnipeg**, Box 1912, R3C 3R2.
- **Gays for Equality**, Box 27, UMSU, University of Manitoba, R3T 2N2. Ph: (204) 269-8678.
- **Manitoba Physicians for Homosexual Understanding**, Box 27, UMSU, University of Manitoba, R3T 2N2.
- **Project Lambda, Inc**, gay community services, PO Box 3911, Stn B, R2W 5H9.
- **Winnipeg Gay Community Centre Project**, PO Box 3911, Station B, R2W 5H9.
- **Winnipeg Gay Youth**, Box 27, UMSU, University of Manitoba, R3T 2N2. Ph: (204) 269-8678.
- **Winnipeg Lesbian Society**, 730 Alexander St. Ph: (204) 786-4581.

NEWFOUNDLAND

Corner Brook

- **Community Homophile Association of Newfoundland (CHAN)**, Box 905, A2H 6J2.
- **Gay Organization of Women of Newfoundland (GOWN)**, may be contacted at the address for CHAN given above.

St. John's

- **Community Homophile Association of Newfoundland (CHAN)**, Box 613, Station C, A1C 5K8.

NOVA SCOTIA

Halifax

- **The Alternate Bookshop**, 1585 Barrington St, Suite 301, B3J 1Z8.
- **Atlantic Provinces Political Lesbians for Example (APPLE)**, Box 3611, Halifax South Postal Station, B3J 3K6.
- **Gay Alliance for Equality (GAE)**, Box 3611, Halifax South Postal Station, B3J 3K6. Ph: (902) 429-4294. Gay helpline (information, referrals and counselling) (902) 429-6969, Thurs, Fri and Sat, 7-10 pm.
- **Gays and Lesbians at Dalhousie (GLAD)**, c/o SUB (Student Union Building), Dalhousie University.
- **Sparrow**, gay Christians of Halifax, meet every Sunday at 7:30 pm at The Turret Community Centre, 1588 Barrington St, 3rd floor, c/o PO Box 3611, Halifax South Postal Station, B3J 3K6.
- **The Sisters' Lightship**, PO Box 3611, Halifax South Postal Stn, Halifax, NS B3J 3K6.
- **The Turret Gay Community Centre**, 1588 Barrington Street. Ph: (902) 423-6814.

Wolfville

- **Gays**, PO Box 1297, B0P 1X0.

ONTARIO

Chatham

- **Chatham Gay Unity**, c/o 192 Sandys St, N7L 3P8. Ph: (519) 354-8978.

Collingwood

- **Gay Information Centre**, PO Box 310, Ph: (705) 445-8506.

Guelph

- **Guelph Gay Equality**, Box 773, N1H 6L8. Gayline: (519) 836-4550.
- **Guelph Gay Youth Group**, Info: (519) 836-4550. Mon, Wed, & Thurs, 8-10 pm.

Hamilton

- **McMaster Homophile Association**, PO Box 102, McMaster University, L8S 1C0. Meets in 6th floor lounge, Togo Salmon Hall, McMaster University, Wed at 7:30 pm. Gayline: (416) 527-0336.
- **Gay Women of Hamilton** may be contacted at the address given above for the McMaster Homophile Association.

Kingston

- **Queen's Women's Centre**, 51 Queen's Crescent, Queen's University, K7L 2S7. Ph: (613) 542-5226.
- **Queen's Homophile Association**, Student Affairs Centre, 51 Queen's Crescent, Queen's University. K7L 2S7. Ph: (613) 547-2836.

Kitchener/Waterloo

- **Foundation for the Advancement of Canadian Transsexuals (FACT)**, PO Box 1497, Stn C, Kitchener N2T 4P2.
- **Gay News and Views**, radio program, Sun, Tues

and Wed, 6:15 pm, CKMS-FM, 94.5 MHz, 105.7 MHz cable.

- **Gay Rights Organization of Waterloo (GROW)**, Box 2632, Station B, Kitchener N2H 6N2.
- **Kitchener-Waterloo Gay Media Collective**, Box 2741, Station B, Kitchener N2H 6N3.
- **Lesbian Organization of Kitchener (LOOK)**, Box 2531, Station B, Kitchener N2H 6M3.
- **Waterloo Universities' Gay Liberation Movement**, Federation of Students, University of Waterloo, Waterloo N2L 3G1. Ph: (519) 885-1211, ext. 2372.

London

- **Gayline**, Ph: (519) 679-6423. Info 24 hrs/day. Peer counselling Mon, Wed, Fri, Sat, 7-11 pm.
- **Homophile Association of London, Ontario (HALO)** 649 Colborne St, N6A 3Z2. Ph: (519) 433-3762.
- **Western Gay Association**, c/o University Community Centre, University of Western Ontario, Ph: (519) 679-6423.

Mississauga/Brampton

- **GEM**, Box 62, Brampton, ON L6V 2K7.
- **Gayline West**, (416) 791-6974. Peer counselling telephone service.

Niagara Region

- **Gayline**, Ph: (416) 354-3173.
- **Gay Unity Niagara**, PO Box 692, Niagara Falls L2E 6V5.

Ottawa

- **Dignity**, Box 2102, Station D, K1P 5W3.
- **Gays of Ottawa/Gals de l'Ottawa**, PO Box 2919, Stn D, K1P 5W9. 288 1/2 Bank St. Gayline: (613) 238-1717. Office: (613) 233-0152.
- **Gay Youth Ottawa/Hull/Jeunesse Gal(e) d'Ottawa/Hull** may be contacted at the same address and phone number as Gays of Ottawa. Meetings/drop-in, Wed, 8 pm, 288 1/2 Bank St.
- **Metropolitan Community Church**, Box 868, Station B, K1P 5T1. Ph: (613) 741-0783.
- **Task Force on the Status of Lesbians and Gay Male Psychologists**, c/o Canadian Psychological Association, 350 rue Sparks Street, Suite 602.

Peterborough

- **Trent Homophile Association**, Box 1524, K9J 7H7, 262 Rubidge St, Rm 203. Ph: (705) 742-6229, Wed, 7:30-9:30 pm, Thurs, 7:30-9:30 pm.

Thunder Bay

- **Northern Women's Centre**, 316 Bay St. P7B 1S1. Ph: (807) 345-7802.

Toronto

- **Catalyst Press**, 315 Blantyre Ave, Scarborough, M1N 2S6.
- **Chatsworth Charitable Foundation**, 29 Granby St, M5B 1H8.
- **Community Homophile Association of Toronto (CHAT)**, 29 Granby St, M5B 1H8.
- **Congregation B'Nai Kehillah of Toronto for Gay Jews**, c/o Blankstein Design Inc, 200 Adelaide St West, M5H 1W7. Ph: (416) 977-0052. 9am-5pm. Services at Holy Trinity, 10 Trinity Sq. at the Eaton Centre, every Friday evening at 9 pm, with an Oneg program at 9:30 pm.
- **Dignity for Gay and Lesbian Catholics**, Box 249, Station E, M6H 4E2. Ph: (416) 960-3997.
- **Gay Academic Union**, c/o Clarence Barnes, Dept. of Chemical Engineering, University of Toronto, M5S 1A4.
- **Gay Alcoholics Anonymous**, answering service, Ph: (416) 964-3962.
- **Gay Alliance at York**, c/o Harbinger, Rm 214, Vanier Residence, York University, 4700 Keele St Downsview, M3J 1P3. Meetings Tues, 8 pm. Ph: (416) 667-3632, 667-3509.
- **Gay Anarchists**, c/o Ian Young, 315 Blantyre Ave, Scarborough, M1N 2S6.
- **Gay Community Calendar**: (416) 923-GAYS, 24-hour recorded message.
- **Gay Community Services Centre**, 29 Granby St, M5B 1H8. Distress and counselling line: (416) 364-9835. Drop-in Mon-Thurs, 7-10:30 pm; Fri & Sat to 11:30 pm.
- **Gay Fathers of Toronto**, c/o MCC, 29 Granby St, M5B 1H8. Ph: (416) 364-9799. Offers support, advice, and dinner twice a month.
- **Gay Liberation Union (GLU)**, PO Box 793, Stn Q, M4T 2N7.
- **Gay Youth Toronto**, 29 Granby St, Suite 301, M5B 1H8. Ph: (416) 366-5664. Meetings at the 519 Church St Community Centre, Tues, 7:30 pm.
- **Gays at U of T**, c/o SAC Office, 12 Hart House Circle, University of Toronto, M5S 1A1. Meets Thurs, 7:30 pm, 33 George St.
- **Glad Day Bookstore**, 4 Collier St at Yonge, M4W 1L7. Ph: (416) 961-4161.
- **Harbinger Gay Men's Drop-In**, Tues, 2-5 pm, Rm 215, Vanier Residence, York University, Ph: (416) 667-3632, 667-3509.
- **Hassle-Free Clinic**, 2 Homewood Ave, Suite 101. M4Y 2J9. Ph: (416) 922-3323. VD testing and info.
- **Integrity: Gay Anglicans and their friends**, PO Box 873, Stn F, M4Y 2N9. Ph: (416) 921-4778.
- **Lesbian Mothers' Defence Fund**, PO Box 38, Stn E, M6H 4E1. Ph: (416) 465-6822.
- **Lesbian Organization of Toronto (LOOT)**, 342 Jarvis St, M4Y 2G6. Ph: (416) 960-3249.
- **Metropolitan Community Church**, 29 Granby St, M5B 1H8. Ph: (416) 364-9799.
- **Parents of Gays**, c/o 29 Granby St, M5B 1H8, Ph: (416) 484-4634.
- **Pink Triangle Press**, Box 639, Station A, M5W 1G2. Ph: (416) 863-6320.
- **Right to Privacy Committee** (defence committee for The Barracks accused), meets 2nd Mon, each month, 8pm, 519 Church St. Mail: 29 Granby St, M5B 1H8. Donations: Make payable to Ross Irwin in Trust. Mail to Symes & Irwin, Barristers & Solicitors, 31 Prince Arthur Ave, M5R 1B2.
- **TAG**, Box 6706, Station A, M5W 1X5. Ph: (416) 964-6600. Peer counselling service.
- **Toronto Gay Press Club**, c/o Metropolitan Community Church, 29 Granby St, M5B 1H8.
- **Toronto Women's Bookstore**, 85 Harbord St, M5S 1G5. Ph: (416) 922-8744.
- **Transvestites in Toronto**, Box 873, Station A M5W 1G3. Ph: (416) 466-7112.
- **Tri-Aid Charitable Foundation**, 8 Irwin Ave, M4Y 1K9. Ph: (416) 924-2525.
- **Wages Due Lesbians**, Box 38, Station E, M6G 4E1. Ph: (416) 465-6822.
- **Women's Archives**, Box 928, Station Q, M4T 2P1.
- **York Rainbow Society of the Deaf**, c/o MCC, 29 Granby St, M5B 1H8.
- **Association Gai de l'Ouest Québécois (AGOQ)**, CP 1215, Succ B, J8X 3X7. Ph: (819) 778-1737.

Windsor

- **Windsor Gay Unity**, PO Box 7002, Sandwich Postal Stn, N9C 3Y6. Gayline: (519) 252-0979. Gayline is answered by a woman Tuesday 7 to 10 pm.

QUEBEC

Hull

- **Association Gai de l'Ouest Québécois (AGOQ)**, CP 1215, Succ B, J8X 3X7. Ph: (819) 778-1737.

Montreal

- **Androgyny Bookstore**, 1217 Crescent St, H3G 2B1. Ph: (514) 866-2131.
- **Association Communautaire Homosexuelle de l'Université de Montréal**, 3200, Jean-Brillant, Local 1265-6, Pav des Sciences Sociales, Université de Montréal, H3T 1N8.
- **Association pour les droits de la communauté gae du Québec (ADGQ)**, CP 36, Succursale C, H2L 4J7. 1264 St Timothée. Ph: (514) 843-8671.
- **Comité de soutien aux accusés du Truux**, c/o 1217 Crescent, H3G 2B1.
- **Coop Femmes**, 3617 Boulevard St Laurent, H2X 2V5. Ph: (514) 843-8998.
- **Dignity/Montreal**, Newman Centre, 3484 Peel St, Ph: (514) 392-6741.
- **Eglise Communautaire de Montréal, Montreal Community Church**, CP 610, Succursale NDG, H4A 3R1. Ph: (514) 845-4471.
- **Eglise du Disciple Bien-Aimé**, 4376 De La Roche. Ph: (514) 279-5381.
- **Fédération canadienne des transsexuels**, 16 rue Viau, Vaudeuil J7V 1A7.
- **Fraternité-Halte**, 5340, Boul. St-Laurent, H2T 1S1. Ph: (514) 271-0661.
- **Gay Health Clinic**, Montreal Youth Clinic/Clinique des Jeunes de Montréal, 3658 Sainte-Famille, H2X 2L5. Ph: (514) 843-7885, 843-5255. Mon, Wed & Fri evngs.
- **Gay Info**, Box 610, Station NDG, H4A 3R1. Ph: (514) 486-4404, Mon-Sat, 7-11 pm.
- **Gayline**: (514) 931-8668 or 931-5330. Seven days a week, 7-11 pm.
- **Gay McGill**, University Centre, 3480 McTavish, H3A 1X9.
- **Gay Social Services Project**, 5 Weredale Park, H3Z 1Y5. Ph: (514) 937-9581.
- **Gay Women of McGill**, University Centre, 3480, rue McTavish, H3A 1X9, Rm 425-6. Ph: Gayline or (514) 866-2131.
- **Gay Youth Group**, open to gay males 14-22, meets Saturdays 2-4 pm, call Gayline for info.
- **Integrity: Gay Anglicans and Friends**, c/o 305 Willibrord Ave, Verdun, H4G 2T7. Ph: (514) 766-9623.
- **NACHES: Gay Jewish Discussion Group**, Box 298, Station H, H3G 2K8. Ph: (514) 488-0849.
- **Parents of Gays**, c/o Box 610, Station NDG, H4A 3R1. Ph: (514) 486-4404.
- **Productions 88**, 1406 rue de la Visitation No 3, H2L 3B8.

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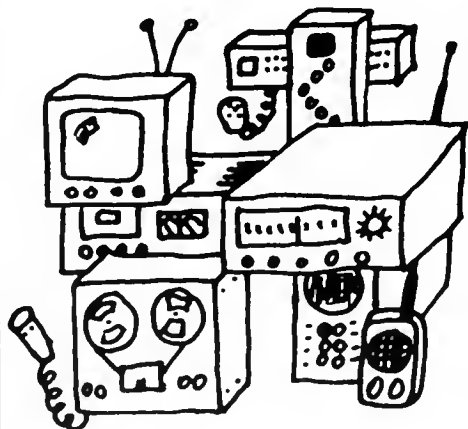
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- ☐ Women's Information and Referral Centre, 3585 St Urbain, H2K 2N6. Open Mon-Fri, 9 am-5pm; Tues, 5pm-9pm. Ph: (514) 842-4781.

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- ☐ Centre Homophile d'Aide et de Libération (CHAL), CP 596, Haute-ville, G1R 4R8. 175 rue Prince-Edouard. Ph: (418) 525-4997.
- ☐ Groupe gai de l'Université Laval, CP 2500, Pavillon Lemieux, Cité Universitaire, G1K 7P4. Ph: (418) 656-5800.
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- ☐ Carrot River Gays, c/o 18-303 Queen St, Saskatoon S7K 0M1. For Melfort-Tisdale area.

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- ☐ West Central Gays (Kindersley-Eston-Rosetown), c/o Drawer 1, PO Box 7508, Saskatoon.

Moose Jaw

- ☐ Moose Jaw Gay Community Centre, c/o Box 1778, S6H 7K8.

Prince Albert

- ☐ Prince Albert Gay Community Centre, Box 1893, S6V 6J9.

Regina

- ☐ Atropos Fellowship Society/Odyssey Club, 2242 Smith St.
- ☐ Gay Regina, political action group, c/o 2242 Smith St, Regina, Ph: (306) 525-8915.

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- ☐ Gay Academic Union, Box 419, Sub-PO 6, S7N 0W0.
- ☐ Gay Community Centre, Box 1662, S7K 3R8. 245-3rd Ave South. Ph: (306) 652-0972.
- ☐ Grapevine, a group for Christian and Jewish gays. Ph: (306) 343-5963.
- ☐ Lesbian Caucus, Saskatoon Women's Liberation, Box 4021, S7K 3T1.
- ☐ Stubble Jumper Press, 21-303 Queen St, S7K 0M1.
- ☐ Subcommittee on Gay Rights, c/o Saskatchewan Association on Human Rights, 311 20th St W, S7M 0X1.

PROVINCIAL

- ☐ Alberta Lesbian and Gay Rights Association (ALGRA), PO Box 1852, Edmonton, AB T5J 2P2.
- ☐ Coalition for Gay Rights in Ontario (CGRO), PO Box 822, Stn A, Toronto, ON M5W 1G3.
- ☐ Manitoba Gay Coalition, Box 27, UMSU, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg, MB, R3T 2N2.
- ☐ Ontario Gay Teachers' Caucus, Box 543, Station F, Toronto, ON M4Y 2L8. Ph: (416) 654-1183.
- ☐ Saskatchewan Gay Coalition, Box 7508, Saskatoon, SK.

NATIONAL/BINATIONAL

- ☐ Alberta Regional Office, CLGRC/CCDLG, PO Box 1852, Edmonton, AB T5J 2P2.
- ☐ Binational Gay Youth Coalition, Canadian head office: 29 Granby St, Suite 301, Toronto, ON M5B 1H8. Ph: (416) 366-5664.
- ☐ Canadian Gay Archives, Box 639, Station A, Toronto, ON M5W 1G2.
- ☐ Canadian Lesbian and Gay Rights Coalition/Coalition canadienne pour les droits des lesbiennes et des gais (CLGRC/CCDLG), CP 2919 Succursale D, Ottawa, ON K1P 5W9. Ph: (613) 233-0152.
- ☐ Coalition binationale pour la jeunesse gale, Siège social québécois: CP 753, Succursale H, Montréal, PQ H3G 2M7.
- ☐ Committee to Defend John Damien, Box 608, Station K, Toronto, ON M4P 2H1.
- ☐ Foundation for the Advancement of Canadian Transsexuals (FACT), PO Box 1315, Stn A, Toronto, ON M5W 1G7.
- ☐ International Gay Association. Secretariat: c/o C.H.L.R., PO Box 931, Dublin 4, Ireland.
- ☐ The John Damien Foundation, Box 983, Adelaide St Stn, Toronto, ON M5C 2K4.
- ☐ New Democratic Party Gay Caucus, Box 792, Station F, Toronto, ON M4Y 2N7.

- ☐ Older Lesbians and Gays, Box 6248, Station A, Toronto, ON M5W 1P6.
- ☐ Prairie Regional Office, CLGRC/CCDLG, Box 27, UMSU, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg, MB R3T 2N2.
- ☐ Regroupement national des lesbiennes et gais du Québec, CP 1104, Succ Place d'Armes, Montréal, Québec H2Y 3J6.

PUBLICATIONS

- ☐ After Stonewall, Box 2051, Winnipeg, MB R3B 3M2.
- ☐ The Body Politic, Box 7289, Station A, Toronto, ON M5W 1X9.
- ☐ Bonnies, A Voice for Rural Gays, R R 1, Paradise, NS B0S 1R0.
- ☐ Forum, a publication of the CLGRC/CCDLG, CP 36, Succursale, C, Montreal, PQ H2L 4J7.
- ☐ Gay Calgary, PO Box 2715, Station M, Calgary, AB T2P 3C1.
- ☐ Gay Saskatchewan, PO Box 7508, Saskatoon.
- ☐ Gay Tide, Box 1463, Station A, Vancouver, BC V6C 2P7.
- ☐ Le Berdache, CP 36, Succursale C, Montréal, Québec H2L 4J7.
- ☐ Lesbians/Lesbiennes, Box 2531, Station B, Kitchener, ON.
- ☐ Metro Community News, 29 Granby St, Toronto, ON M5B 1H8.
- ☐ OUT, Box 2741, Station B, Kitchener, ON K2H 6N3.
- ☐ Out and About, Box 27, UMSU, University of Manitoba, R3T 2N2.

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Le Berdache

CP 36, Succ C,
Montreal, Quebec
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by Richard Labonté
and
Michael Lynch

The trend's toward making us trendy

mon-i-tor (món'e-ter) n. One that cautions, admonishes or reminds. Any device used to record or control a process. (tr. v.) To check, to test, to keep track of, to scrutinize, to keep watch over, to direct. (Latin, one who warns, from *monere*, to warn.)

Barbara Amiel's view, often expressed in her regular *Maclean's* column, is that nothing is wicked if it doesn't affect her.

So the lady wasn't at all offended when, a few months ago, Metro Toronto police wrote some heavy-duty attacks on gays, Jews, blacks and Pakistanis in their association magazine.

Her lack of alarm over the matter, in the July 30 issue, is infuriatingly superior: the pitch, repeated from earlier issues, is that the police don't bother her—"a woman and a Jew and a part North African one, at that"—so what are the sissies whining about?

"Almost half of all Canadians find homosexuality EASY to accept," reported *Weekend Magazine* in bright red ink.

Said to be based on 2000 personal interviews, the poll indicated that 47 percent found acceptance "very easy" or "fairly easy," while 18 percent found it "fairly difficult" to accept and 21 found it "very difficult."

What did "accept" mean? Well, *Weekend* didn't ask. It did ask if these same respondents had strong reservations about gays in certain occupations. 33 percent don't seem to want gays as

est touts *The Spada Report*.

Reporter Janet Chase-Marshall is mostly positive: the bulk of her story has Spada denying the stereotype that "gay sex is loveless and brutal" and telling about his coming-out in a letter to the *Los Angeles Times*—"Yes, Dad, I'm happy. I'm happy to be your son and happy to be gay."

In recent months *Us*, recognizing a hot topic and not shying away from it, has run several not-sniggery gay-based stories. It's progress of a sort to be making trendy news, not just shock news.

Sandy Schuster, mother of four, saw Madeleine Isaacson, mother of two, in a Seattle, Washington pentecostal church back in 1970. The following year, at a church meeting in California, they had their first sexual encounter. In 1973 both husbands divorced them. In 1974 both husbands began court battles for custody of the children.

In February, 1979, the lesbian couple won full custody of all six children.

This past July, *People* magazine featured Schuster and Isaacson in their "Couples" column, stressing their religious conservatism and familial "stability."

Despite that, *People* also pointed out that "neither woman assumes a male role in their relationship." Without suggesting that this may be why they're so stable?

The absurdity of US border law, which allows a gay man to become a citizen if he's inside the country, but can be applied—arbitrarily—to keep him out (it happened this summer in both Minneapolis and San Francisco) is discussed in July 28th's *The New Republic* editorial.

"Whether or not a homosexual gets through the immigration gates may depend on whether a customs agent objects to seeing men wearing earrings," laments the editorialist, calling for some common sense in immigration treatment of gays.

Nice editorial: on the right side and all. The headline, unfortunately tongue in cheek: "Deviant customs."

The accomplishments of May Sarton are celebrated in a recent issue of *The American Book Review*, in an essay centred on her latest novel, *A Reckoning*.

Sarton's is a substantial achievement, writes reviewer Virginia Tiger: it "...tells us something about the nature of her career—a long, fruitful struggle, despite the demons of breakdown, the traumas of homosexual love and the rage which nags every writer who hasn't been sufficiently acclaimed."

Sarton certainly has not been sufficiently acclaimed, but reviews and articles of this sort are at last appearing more frequently.

Easily the most written-about gay personality of the year is rock 'n' roller Tom Robinson: there haven't been many months that his views on rock might and gay rights haven't been featured somewhere.

Most recently, the rock magazine *Trouser Press* (August) regrets that Robinson's politics keep his sales low;



Victorious moms: Sandy Schuster and Madeleine Isaacson are *People* people.

the political magazine *Seven Days* (July 20) decides that Robinson's work in such groups as Rock Against Racism makes him the most potent political personality in the music business; and *Newsweek* (July 30), as cautious as they come, praises his "unique blend of music-for-mobilization and polished rock," and deals both sympathetically and at length with his gay perspective.

In fact, all three magazines dote on the man, as they should.

In the same issue of *Newsweek*, "Where the Boys Are" reports on the growth of the gay resort.

Provincetown, Key West, Ft Lauderdale, Cherry Grove on Fire Island and Guerneville in California are all cited as the in spots for the gay tourist looking for sun and sex; and not once does *Newsweek* tut-tut about it.

There are allusions to backlash in Key West, where some gays have been roughed up by gangs. But for the most part, says the magazine, straights and gays are more likely to share suntan lotion than rumble on the beach.

The San Francisco correspondent for *New Scientist*—a British weekly science magazine of much-deserved renown—can't quite copw with what he calls the crazies of the city.

Lunatic fringes are all the rage there, reports John Gribbin: the Berkeley street people, the occult bookshops, the anti-nuclear demonstrators, the health movement ("jogging and not eating anything decent") and those gay people, who

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are everywhere—"and I don't mean gay in the Biblical sense, either."

The humour is forced.

Comment more favourable about the crazies comes from the San Francisco correspondent for *New York Rocker*, another of the rock magazines eager to make the link between the politics of gay rights and the power of rock music.

Much of Happy Geek's column in the July issue is devoted to the lenient sentence handed Dan White, the city supervisor who murdered Harvey Milk and Mayor George Moscone, and the ensuing riots.

But it's done from a rock perspective: "Several punk rockers had been gassed, and the next night Jefferson Starship leader Paul Kantner showed up at a gig with a badly burned hand and no voice. 'I lost it yelling Burn it Down.'"

And comment most favorable of all comes in the August issue of *Libertarian*, the San Francisco-based magazine of the growing libertarian movement in the United States.

In the first of two editorials, the "damn fine strong feeling of outrage and betrayal" of the gay community is strongly supported; in the second, the "twinkie defence" of White, which argued that he was not responsible for his actions because he ate junk food while depressed, is heartily ridiculed.

"That night the gay community didn't just step out of the closet, once and for all. That night gays stepped out of the liberal political constituency as well, issuing their collective declaration of independence," writes *Libertarian* editor Roy Childs. "That night, liberals had nothing to offer them." □

THE WEEKEND POLL
HOMOSEXUALS

ALMOST HALF OF ALL CANADIANS FIND HOMOSEXUALITY EASY TO ACCEPT

Weekend: "easy" acceptance

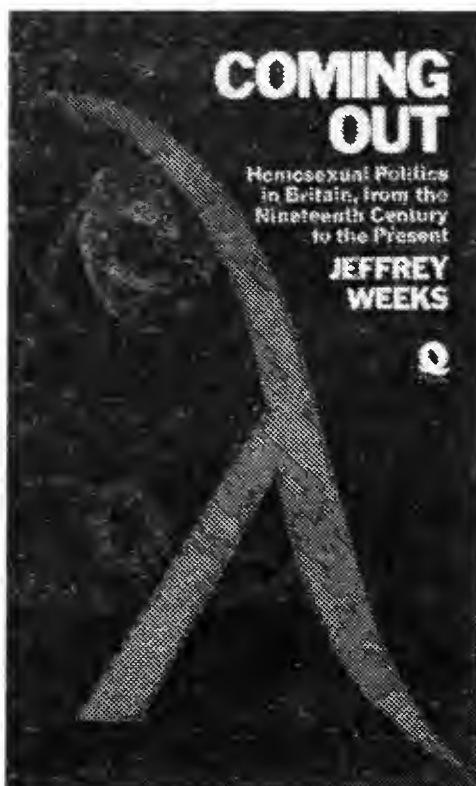
doctors, 41 percent don't want us in the Church, and a whopping 52 percent don't want us as elementary school teachers.

Some "acceptance," eh?

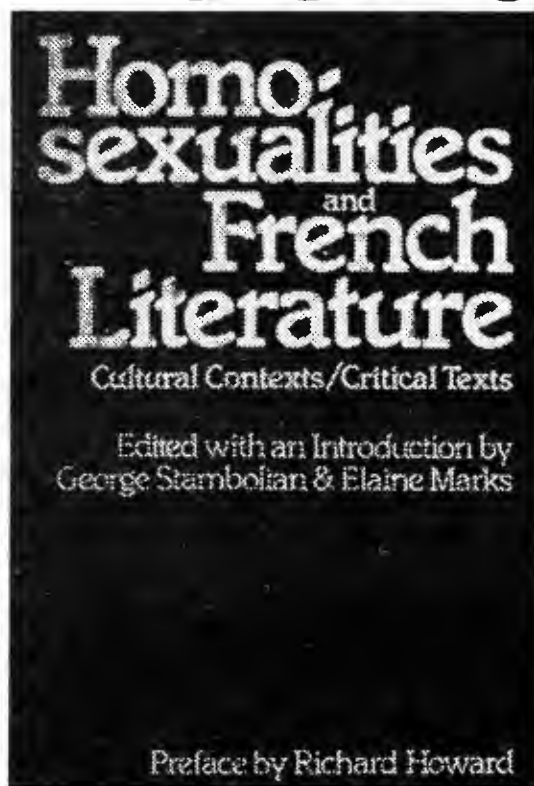
But rest easy, Ottawa-Hull. The August 18 report showed that only 22 percent object to homosexuals as civil servants.

The least of recent reports on gay sexuality is noted with slight comment in the June 12 *Us*: in four paragraphs and a three-quarter-page picture of author James Spada spreadeagled on a bed—fully-clothed—the biweekly tip sheet on what's newest and hottest and trendi-

GREAT BOOKS

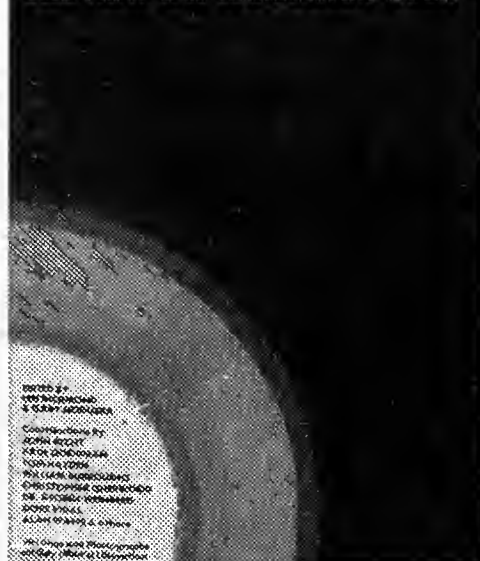


Coming Out, Jeffrey Weeks' well-written and perceptive history of homosexual politics in Great Britain from the 19th century to the present. Including studies of John Addington Symonds and Edward Carpenter, this book is important reading for anyone interested in the development of gay and lesbian cultures.
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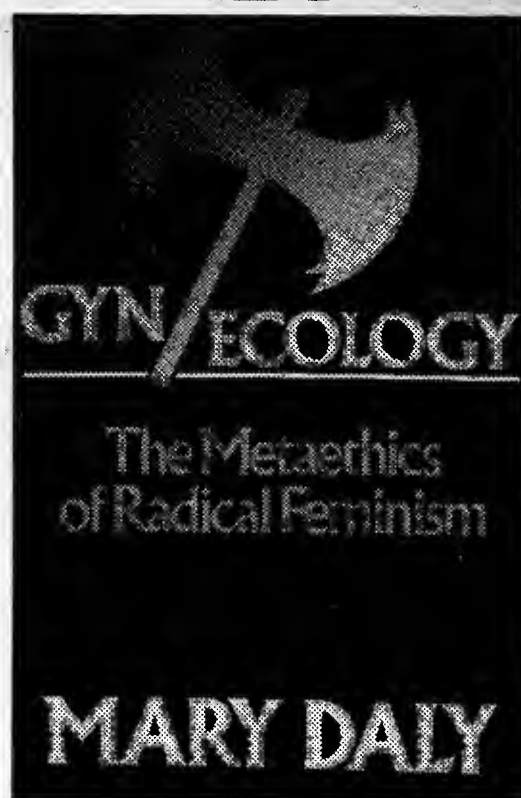
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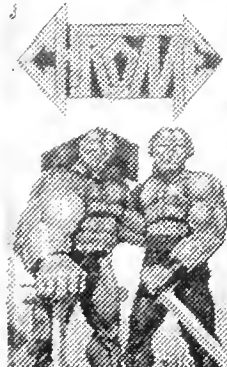


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